

The Sketch

No. 1112.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



NOTES EXCHANGED FOR GOLD HERE: SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO, THE GREAT ITALIAN TENOR—WE NEARLY WROTE
“TENNER”—WHO IS AT COVENT GARDEN AGAIN.

Caruso, that remarkable tenor, is in London again, and made his first appearance at Covent Garden this season last week, by singing Radames in “Aida.” It was only a month or two ago, by the way, that it was announced from New York that

he had entered into a new contract with the Metropolitan Opera House of that city to receive three thousand dollars for each performance. This contract, it is understood, becomes effective the season after next.

Photograph by Dupont.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



Doctor's Orders. Doctors have their uses. About a fortnight ago, my doctor took it into his head that I was in need of rest and sea air. He prescribed a week or ten days on the Norfolk coast. This suited me exactly, for the Norfolk coast happened to be the one part of England with which I was not familiar.

"But no motoring," said the doctor.

"Then I refuse to go."

"Well, you may motor there and back, but leave the car in the garage all the time you are there."

The result of this was a very pleasant little trip of rather more than five hundred miles, every yard of which I drove myself. You may think it rash to make this statement in a public print, but I have observed that the copies of *The Sketch* to be found in the waiting-rooms of doctors are nearly always two or three years old, so that my doctor will not discover for quite two years that "no motoring" resolved itself into five hundred miles of motoring.

We started on a Sunday. Being a strict Sabbatarian, I did not pull out from my Surrey home until twenty minutes past eleven. At twenty minutes past three we pulled up in front of a famous old hostelry at Cambridge. It was here that I met, not quite for the first or the last time, that supremely autocratic being, the head-ostler turned Controller of the Garage. Nothing could exceed the haughty bearing and imperial hand-wavings of these gentlemen, suddenly promoted from hissing and rubbing to raising a hand after the manner of a well-known brewer's trade-mark and beckoning with a forefinger like a coy maiden in the park. Knowing nothing whatever of the method in which motor-cars are persuaded to advance or recede, they expect them to turn in the space required by a horse for that purpose, and a look of pained surprise over-spreads their horsey features when they find themselves compelled to dodge into the harness-room if they would save their venerable toes.

New Impressions of Cambridge. I was glad to have this opportunity of improving my knowledge of Cambridge. I had visited Cambridge once before, but the circumstances of my visit were not favourable to sightseeing. I was a member of an invading force from a rival University, and we arrived in Cambridge after dark, and marched straight to the drill-hall, and thence to the station. I had a vague impression of wet and narrow streets, cobble-paved at that. My recent visit showed me a far more delightful Cambridge—a Cambridge of really beautiful colleges, and pleasant old streets, and a restful river, and delightful lawns. It would be idle to suggest that Cambridge is to be favourably compared with Oxford. There is no High at Cambridge, and no Magdalen College or Magdalen Bridge. But Cambridge, for all that, is a worthy companion to Oxford, and I was almost reconciled to the charges of the famous old hostelry.

By great good luck, I was able to revive one other memory of Oxford. I discovered that the Bishop of London was preaching that evening in the University Church, and I managed to squeeze myself into the gallery. There is nothing quite like the singing of a hymn with a rousing tune by several hundred undergraduate voices in unison, and the sermon was full of those quaint turns of phrase, and inspired by that earnestness of conviction, that I have always associated with Winnington Ingram since my own undergraduate days.

Sheringham the Happy. Leaving Cambridge about eleven o'clock next morning, we ran to Newmarket, and easily picked out our own Derby favourite from the hundreds of racers being exercised on the Heath. And then to Norwich along a straight and smooth road that simply laughed to

scorn any such puerile limit as twenty miles an hour, and so through Cromer to Sheringham, the object of our journey.

Sheringham combines in itself many of the pleasantest things in the world. The sea is very pleasant, since it rolls down to Sheringham from the North Pole. The air is very pleasant, for the same reason. The golf-course is very pleasant, being extremely spacious and extremely difficult—two points about a golf-course which appear to send all true golfers mad with joy. The fishing industry is very pleasant, being picturesque, and giving employment to a large number of remarkably aged men. I have never seen so many old men, anywhere in the world, as at Sheringham. And the other residents of Sheringham are very pleasant, as well they might be, living in that healthy and exhilarating atmosphere, and having nothing to do, so far as I could discover, but enjoy life from day's end to day's end. Thanks to the courtesy of a brother-novelist, I was soon quite at home in Sheringham, and I broke with zest every rule laid down for me by my doctor—save the one relating to work.

And the moral of that is: If you want to avoid work, go to a place where nobody works. No disease in the world is so catching as work, which is the reason, probably, why everybody in London works.

The Road Home.

I left Sheringham, with many regrets, on the Saturday morning, and took the road to Yarmouth, another town that I had long wanted to see. I saw Yarmouth, and then went on to Lowestoft. From Lowestoft one naturally takes the Ipswich road, and the Ipswich road naturally leads one to the inn where Mr. Pickwick had the astonishing adventure with the four-post bedstead. I saw the room in which these things happened to Mr. Pickwick, and I should much like to have passed the night myself in that historic bedstead, but the road still called, and we pressed on to Chelmsford.

I found Chelmsford all agog that Saturday night, and learnt that a singing contest between various local choral societies was to take place in the Corn Exchange. The yard of the inn at which we stayed was crowded with gigs, and traps, and wagonettes, and motor-cars; but a friendly, though imperious, ex-ostler managed to find me a kind of cow-shed which afforded some shelter for my own vehicle throughout the night. I had vague thoughts of attending the singing contest, but a hundred and forty-two miles of the road tends to drowsiness after dinner, and so I went to bed. Yet I heard the singers after all, for I was awakened between eleven and midnight by the joyous strains of the candidates, both successful and unsuccessful, unhampered by such conventional trivialities as time or harmony.

Having promised to reach a little village near Tonbridge in time for lunch on Sunday morning, we took the ferry at Tilbury—which is not so easy as it sounds, unless you are accustomed to driving across moving gangways on to the decks of small boats, and off again the other side across other small boats. However, Fortune favours those who must go forward, whatever their qualms, and the remainder of the journey to Tonbridge, and from Tonbridge home the following morning, was tranquilly uneventful.

Manners of the Chauffeur.

Whilst I think of it, just one point of considerable interest to motorists. I have observed that whenever one meets a car which courteously makes way for an approaching car, the driver is a private owner; on the other hand, whenever one meets a car which insists on keeping almost to the very centre of the road, and drives the approaching car into the ditch, the driver is a chauffeur. I hope this small paragraph may catch the attention of the gentlemen who employ chauffeurs, and also of the Automobile Association.

WITH ANCESTRAL HONOUR—AND BEAUTY ALL HER OWN.

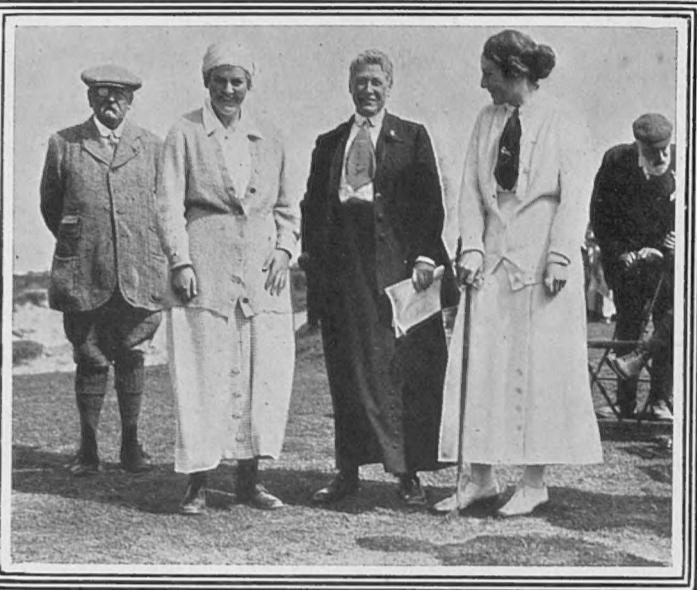


ENGAGED TO MR. MARK BERESFORD RUSSELL STURGIS: LADY RACHEL STUART-WORTLEY

Lady Rachel Stuart-Wortley, who is just twenty, is the second of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe. The family motto is "Avito viret honore," which "Debrett" translates as, "He flourishes with the honour of his ancestors." Mr. Mark Sturgis, to whom Lady Rachel is engaged, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Julian Sturgis, and of Mrs. Sturgis, of Wancote, Compton, Guildford.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

THE CHEERY CHAMPIONSHIP: THE SMILES OF THE LADIES.



FULL OF SMILES: MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY MISS CECIL LEITCH IN THE FINAL; MRS MILLER; AND MISS CECIL LEITCH.



MORE SMILES! MISS MURIEL DODD AND MRS. LIONEL JACKSON DISCUSSING THEIR CHANCES WITH SOME FRIENDS.



EXCEEDINGLY PLEASED WITH ONE ANOTHER: MISS CECIL LEITCH AND MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT IN VERY CHEERY MOOD AT THE FINISH OF THEIR MATCH.



LOSER AND WINNER LOOKING EQUALLY PLEASED: MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT AND MISS MURIEL DODD AFTER THEIR MATCH.

The Ladies' Golf Championship came to an end at Hunstanton on Friday of last week, when Miss Cecil Leitch beat Miss Gladys Ravenscroft by two and one. The match was exceedingly close. Miss Leitch was left with a putt of about half a yard



ARM-IN-ARM: MISS CECIL LEITCH AND MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT AFTER THE FINAL.

for the hole and the Championship. She was preparing when Miss Ravenscroft waved her hand gaily to her, smiled broadly, and walked across the green to be the first to congratulate the new champion. Miss Leitch, one of the famous golfing

WITH THE LADIES: THE GREAT GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE LADIES STICK TO THE FRUIT OF THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND! MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT AND MISS MURIEL DODD EATING APPLES WHILE TAKING A REST DURING THEIR MATCH.



WITH THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP: MISS ELSIE GRANT-SUTTIE (SEMI-FINALIST); MISS MURIEL DODD (SEMI-FINALIST); MISS CECIL LEITCH, THE WINNER; AND MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT, THE RUNNER-UP.



A NEWCOMER WHO DISTINGUISHED HERSELF: MISS JOAN STOCKER.



FOLLOWING THE FINALISTS: DEFEATED LADY COMPETITORS, INCLUDING MISS MURIEL DODD, AT THE MATCH BETWEEN MISS RAVENSCROFT AND MISS LEITCH.



WAITING AT THE TEE: MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT AND MISS MARTIN SMITH.



WONDERING HOW IT HAPPENED? A MUCH-INTERESTED LOOKER-ON.

Continued.

sisters, began to play golf when she was nine and has never had a lesson. She is twenty-three; Miss Ravenscroft is three years older. In the semi-finals, Miss Leitch

beat Miss Elsie Grant-Suttie by one up; and Miss Ravenscroft beat Miss Muriel Dodd by one up.—[Photographs by Sport and General, L.N.A. and Farringdon Photo Co.]

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**OVER £1500 IN GIFTS AMONG 1200 GUESTS—
 AND MORE TO COME: THE AMAZING MIDNIGHT BALL.**

The Gifts Gather. Last week was published the first news of the Midnight Ball to be held at the Savoy on June 25, and of *The Sketch* scheme for showering benefits on ticket-holders. Since last week fresh benefits have accrued. The big firms of London are hurrying into the conspiracy; they are all in a plot for letting a great number of people get a great number of valuable things for nothing. The Midnight Ball is given for the National Institute for the Blind, and the proceeds go to the Institute.

How the Gifts Will Be Given. Ticket-holders will receive their gifts indiscriminately. They will be rewarded for no merit of their own. Good looks, good dancing, and good costumes, of all of which there should be abundance, will avail nothing. Your heart may be burning with charity, your curls may be enchanting, your dress divine, but that is not why you will receive your fifty-guinea tea-gown. It becomes yours in obedience to a scheme of distribution closely connected with the figures printed on your ticket.

Attractions. The extraordianarily lavish scale on which the Midnight Ball, purely and simply as a ball, is being conducted robs subscribers of a chance of feeling charitable. It will not be easy to conjure up any great philanthropic glow when you send your three guineas (as you may and should do at once) to Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C. The champagne supper, the music, the floor, the winter garden, the view of the dawn behind St. Paul's, the brilliance of the crowd—these make an equitable return for your money. The gifts, then, are thrown in not by any means because you may happen to be deserving of great rewards. Your only possible chance of merit lies in making early and extensive application for tickets, which, because their number is limited to 1200, will soon rise in value.

The Valuable Presents. To return to the list. First, there is the £600 Daimler, now on view at 27 and 28, Pall Mall. That Daimler has a way of rushing to the top of the list, though, like all the other gifts, it may go, without favour or distinction, to some quite ordinary and (let us repeat it) quite undeserving holder of a three-guinea ticket. Consolation for somebody who has a mind to the car and does not get it is promised by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, who will supply two touring-tickets.

More About the Presents. To the preliminary list, published last week, must be added many notable names and much valuable property. To the suits sufficient for a year—that is, a hundred pounds' worth—and the fifty-guinea plunge (for nothing) in the Sports Coats department of a great house must be added a life-long equipment in pyjamas (both "male" and "female"), two dressing-cases (one fifty and the other fifteen guineas) that are famous in their kind, sticks and parasols to the value of eighteen guineas; with the £40 cabinet of cigars must be mentioned twelve guineas' worth of *bonbonnières* from one firm and nine from another; to the three gowns of fifty guineas each and the one of forty, to the twenty-guinea coat and skirt and hats of great price must be added an eleven-guinea tea-gown, a fifty-guinea pearl-and-diamond pendant, and several other lots of jewellery. Moreover, the fifty-guinea clock of our last list is now supplemented by another of fifteen; twenty-five pounds' worth of gold or silver is now increased to seventy-five; two photographers now offer sittings to the value of sixteen and twenty-four guineas each; and the box at the Empire and the Queen Anne Circassian Gramophone suggest that the list will be as full of Variety as the Empire itself.

Firms Giving Presents. The list of firms concerned is no less impressive. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Mme. Hayward, Pam, Paquin's, Messrs. Redfern, Messrs. Pope and Bradley, Messrs. Reville and Rossiter, Messrs. Simmons, Messrs. Swan and Edgar, Michée Zac, and Messrs. Zyrot are going to look after the wardrobes of the prize-winners; Messrs. J. W. Benson, Messrs. Carrington, Messrs. Elkington, Messrs. Edwards and Sons, the Parisian Diamond Company, Messrs. Brigg, Messrs. Dent, Messrs. Wilson and Gill, and the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company will help to decorate their persons or their sideboards; the Dover Street Studios and Messrs. Russell will photograph them; their sweetmeats will come from Fuller's and from Barbellion's, their cigars from Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer; and Messrs. Vickery, Messrs. Cook, the Daimler Company, the Empire, the Gramophone Company, the General Supply Company, and Hatchett's Restaurant are also among the schemers who, in conjunction with *The Sketch*, charity, the Midnight Ball, and your ticket-number, will make the night of June 25 one of the most surprising of the year. Special mention must also be made of another new fact: that is, that Messrs. Ladbrooke and Co., the Commission Agents, of 6, Old Burlington Street, W., whose business is well known, have generously augmented the list by subscribing one hundred guineas, which will be devoted to the purchase of small, but valuable, gifts—in which connection we may again note that no gift will be less than three guineas in value! Already the value of the gifts is well over £1500.



THE BUFFS, THEIR DANISH CHIEF AND THEIR CANADIAN FRIENDS: MOTORS AND THE PEDESTRIAN.

The Colonel-in-Chief of the Buffs. The King of Denmark, when he left England, carried away with him the insignia of the Order of the Garter—the noblest gift that our King can give to a brother-monarch—and the Colonely-in-Chief of the Buffs, a Colonely which his father held before him. When next his Majesty pays a State visit to England he will have a British uniform to wear on his arrival, and will not, as he did on his arrival this year, appear in one of the uniforms of his own country. When the Colonely of the Buffs was conferred on King Christian's father, the record of that regiment's services was carefully examined to discover occasions on which the British troops and Danish troops had served together, and it was found that during the Marlborough era they had fought shoulder to shoulder in several great victories. King Christian may have been able to take away with him from England the uniform of his regiment, but if he has not been able to do so a deputation of the officers will have, later in the year, a pleasant trip to Denmark to present it to him. One battalion of the Buffs is serving at Fermoy, and the other battalion is in Madras. The depot of the regiment—which, of course, is the East Kent one—is at Canterbury.

Telegraphic Greetings. Rather a wonderful exchange of telegrams took place on St. George's Day between the Buffs and the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto. Mr. Clarence Mackay, who is one of the great officials of the Postal Telegraphic Cables Company, arranged that the Canadian Queen's Own Rifles, who are now linked to their old friends the Buffs, should on St. George's Day be put into direct telegraphic communication with the British regiment at Fermoy. The two regiments exchanged greetings, and Mr. Mackay, made by telegram an honorary member of the mess of the Queen's Own Rifles, sent his best wishes and compliments to his comrades of both regiments.

A Canadian Alliance. When the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto came over, on a memorable occasion, to this country, the Buffs, then quartered at Aldershot, struck up a great friendship, one cause of which was that the Canadian regiment had ever since its formation marched past to the Buffs' quick step—a march the origin of which is unknown, but which tradition says was composed for the regiment at royal request by Handel. After the Queen's Own Rifles had returned to Canada the question arose as to which regiment in the British service they should be linked to, for the very excellent custom now prevails that the soldiers of Canada should find a hearty welcome in England from a regiment to which they are officially linked; while the members of the Canadian regiments have been exceedingly kind in finding work in Canada for retired men of good

character of their affiliated British regiments. The Queen's Own Rifles made a request that they should be linked to their old friends the Buffs. The War Office replied that, being a rifle regiment, it would be more suitable if they were linked to some rifle corps of the British service; but the Canadians, though their coats are dark-green, held stoutly to their project of an alliance with the men who wear scarlet and buff, and they successfully carried their point.

Fined for Being Knocked Down.

Londoners who read that a Parisian has been heavily fined for being knocked down by a taxi-cab will be glad that foot-passengers in London have not the same responsibility in the matter of getting out of the way of wheeled vehicles that the pedestrians of Paris have. A foot-passenger, M. Flores, in the Champs Elysées, was in the way of a taxi-auto coming down the hill. The driver tried to avoid him, but failed and knocked him down; the swerve, however, that the taxi-auto made carried it into the private motor-car of a gentleman named Lefranc. M. Lefranc sued the company to which the taxi-auto belonged for the damage done to his machine by the collision. The company pleaded that it was not to blame for the accident, as M. Flores, the foot-passenger, had not assured himself that the road was clear before crossing it. The Court held that both M. Flores and the company were to blame, but that, as the had been imprudent, he was the most to blame, and ordered him to pay three-quarters of the damages, while the company paid the other quarter.

The Obstructive Pedestrian.

Londoners are, I think, beginning to treat the motor-car on the road a little too cavalierly. I find that I myself, when crossing a road, resent the hooting of the horn of any taxi-cab telling me to get out of the way, and feel inclined rather to slacken my pace than to quicken it at this very insistent command. When I am in a taxi-cab, and I see somebody behaving exactly as I do when on foot, loitering in the road and not breaking into a run so as to give the taxi-cab, and myself in it, free passage, I wonder at the forbearance of the driver in slowing down and making his pace dependent on that of the obstinate and obstructive pedestrian. Besides the man with a temper who refuses to be hustled, there are countless amiable people of the other sex who drift on to the road and walk across it, going in the same direction that the traffic does, who apparently do not hear the horn, and who, when the motor-cab pulls up within a few feet of them, give a great jump and are tremendously surprised to upon them. It speaks well they are very rarely abusive

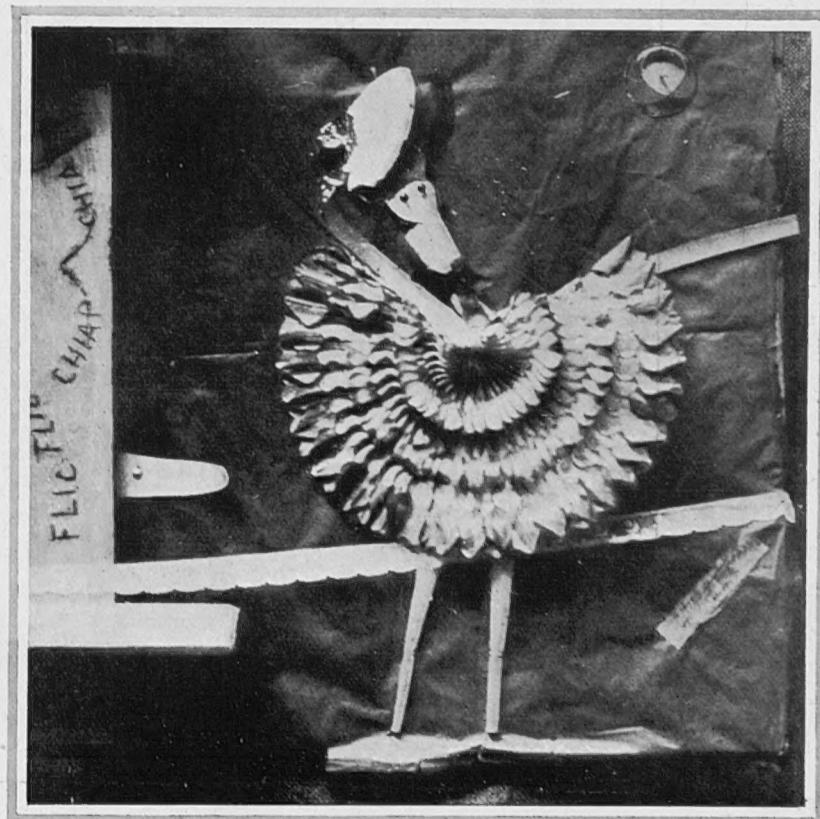


AFTER YOUR VERY BEST STROKE!
"CLARENCE THE CADDIE."

This is one of the exhibits of work by humorous artists to be seen at the Holland Park Rink under the general title, "The Laughter Show."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

foot-passenger blame, and ordered him to pay three-quarters of the damages, while the company paid the other quarter.



A PAPER FAN, A CIGARETTE-END, ETC! MLLE. FLIC-FLIC CHIAP-CHIAP.
This is by the poet Marinetti (leader of the Futurists) and Cangiullo. It consists chiefly of a paper fan, a cigarette-end, cigarette-holders, and a piece of lace; and it forms one of the exhibits of Futurist Sculpture at the Doré Galleries. — [Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

find this monstrous thing so close for the taxi-drivers of London that under these circumstances.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



THE KING OF DENMARK—FOR SHOWING THE PRINCE OF DENMARK HOW "TO BE AND NOT TO BE" IN ENGLAND.



THE BLACK PRINCE—FOR SUGGESTING AN EMENDATION IN SHAKESPEARE—"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT PAWS A CROWN."



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK—FOR HAVING A VERY GOOD TIME IN LONDON AFTER LEAVING ENGLAND.

The King and Queen of Denmark remained here for some days in a private capacity after their State visit was officially at an end. In the records it will appear that they concluded their stay with the King and Queen on Friday

morning and, theoretically, left the country.—Certain entries in the recently discovered Register of Edward the Black Prince show that he pledged for 2000 livres a crown apparently won in battle from the King of France.

Photographs by Bieber, Rischgitz, and Laurberg and Gad.



MISS HORNIMAN—FOR SUGGESTING THAT LONDON IS IN NEED OF A "CIVILISED" THEATRE.



M. EMILE BACHELET—FOR INVENTING A FLYING TRAIN WHICH MAY GIVE POINTS TO THE FLYING SCOTSMAN.



MRS. WINIFRED BULLER—FOR BEING ABLE TO CROW OVER HER HUSBAND WHEN THEY GO FOR A BIT OF A BLOW DOWN HENDON WAY.



MR. H. CUMMING (THE PHOTOGRAPHER)—FOR MAKING A REAL PICTURE OF A WEDDING UNLIKE THE USUAL SNAPSHOT.

Miss Horniman, the well-known theatrical producer, said recently that the word "repertory" spelt dulness and had come to mean something semi-amateur. For her own theatre she prefers the term "civilised," and she offers to start a civilised theatre in London if someone would give her £40,000.—M. Emile Bachelet, the French electrical engineer from America, has, so to speak, electrified London by his demonstrations of a model flying-train, actuated by alternate magnetic repulsion and attraction, and capable, he claims, of attaining a speed of 300 miles an hour.—Mrs. Winifred Buller, who was recently appointed as

a pilot by the Caudron Company, made her first appearance as a professional airwoman at Hendon the other day, and hopes to compete in the Aerial Derby round London on the 16th. Her husband is a director of the Shoreham and Lancing Land Company.—Photographers seldom succeed in producing a really picturesque wedding-scene. The above group, taken by Mr. H. Cumming, of Weymouth, is a brilliant exception. The wedding was that of Assistant-Paymaster A. H. Payne, R.N., and Miss May Dixon, at Holy Trinity, Weymouth.—[Photographs by Bassano, Swaine, C.N., and Cumming.]

AMOROUS ADVENTURES: "THE BLUE MOUSE," AT THE "CRI."



1. DURING THE HOLDING OF ONE OF THE PERPETUAL AUCTIONS IN THE BLUE MOUSE'S FUTURIST FLAT: THE FOUR-POSTER BED IS REVEALED, WITH SIR HENRY DOWSE AND GEORGE BARKER HIDING IN IT.

2. SIR HENRY DOWSE CRIES "THE BLUE MOUSE!" AS CLARISSA COMES IN; AND SHE, NOT KNOWING THE TERM, JUMPS ON A CHAIR IN FEAR OF A REAL MOUSE: MISS SYBIL DE BRAY AS CLARISSA.

3. TICKETED, PLAYFULLY, WHEN HER FURNITURE IS TICKETED FOR THE AUCTION: KITTY VERNON, THE BLUE MOUSE (MISS MADGE LESSING), WITH CAPTAIN MONTAGUE, ONE OF HER NUMEROUS FRIENDS (MR. OWEN ROUGHWOOD).

The employés of Sir Henry Dowse find that promotion comes to them with remarkable rapidity if they have wives who are fascinating and friendly with their employer. Now George Barker very much desires promotion, but does not care for the idea

of Clarissa, his wife, philandering with Sir Henry. Consequently, he introduces the dancer, Kitty Vernon, the Blue Mouse, as his wife. Hence various complications of the customary farcical order. — [Photographs by Wrather and Buys, supplied by C.N.]



TO KISS OR NOT TO KISS: THE COUNTESS OF WYNMARTEN WHO PLAYED WITH SMOKE.

The Wynmartens Feud.

The Wynmartens were not "a merry family." The phrase in brackets reminds me of a once popular song that Arthur Roberts used to sing. A remarkable artist, Arthur Roberts, with a "lift" and concentrated energy rare in our days. The Dowager Countess of Wynmarten was a rather cruel, combative old lady—no wonder: the existing Earl was a mere noodle whom she wisely tied to her apron-strings; and John, the eldest son, drank himself to death six years after marrying beneath him. It was alleged by his widow that life with him "was hell"; we do not know his side of the story, but are aware that he drank himself to death. Whilst admitting the charm of the Countess, as portrayed by Miss Marie Tempest, one can understand his suicide, if not the form of it, for his wife and relict was a common person with a mania for extravagant dress, a slangy creature with apparently no great intelligence. Still, I should not like to kill myself by drink, and would choose some other method of departure. I am not exactly a teetotaler, and there may have been occasions—I could count them on the fingers of one hand—when I have made an incorrect estimate as to my capacity for alcohol, and got into a state where I could not spell the word. Speaking, then, with experience, I can express my amazement at the deplorable courage of the person who drinks himself to death. The weak spot in the process is suggested by varying the title of the song, "If It Wasn't for the Hours in Between." It is jolly to drink, and frightfully thrilling to be drunk; but Nature, in her hostility to death, interposes the ugly intermediate hours when the head aches and the dry tongue seems a lamentable misfit, and the ordinary man begins to think there is something sound in the blue-ribbon business. They tell me, or I have read, that these intervals grow more and more appalling; but the devil (or should I say Bacchus?)—for Dionysus was quite above such a thing) is frightfully cunning, and keeps telling the victim that the cure for the headache and only method of scouring the moss-clad tongue is to drink again. The man who invented the phrase "A hair of the dog that bit him" has an absolutely first-class title to the honours of hell, where, I suppose, by a refinement of torture, the Wynmartens are stimulated to incessant thirst, and offered nothing less abhorrent than doses of H₂O as quencher. However, drink is not my topic, nor ought I to dilate upon the unhappy dipsomaniac of the Wynmartens.

The Merrie Widow.

The young Countess, set free, wanted to enjoy life, but the Dowager was determined that she should not compromise the family name, though why she should have bothered, seeing that there was no grandson, I feel uncertain. It is a remarkable fact that in dramas touching the aristocracy there are rarely any children—indeed, if one believed the dramatists, the membership of the House of Lords would have to be kept up by a kind of conscription. The Countess was kissed at midnight on her doorstep in the presence of witnesses, so down came the Dowager to complain; and she sneered at the suggestion that the young woman did not want to be kissed, alleging that any wide-awake woman can see when a man is likely to kiss

her and take proper precautions—if she wishes. The point is rather nice; on the whole, I think the Dowager was wrong, and yet that her daughter-in-law did guess and did not dodge. Sometimes the man himself does not know that he is going to kiss till afterwards, when his cheek is tingling from a smack and his ears from reproaches. A phrase of Shakespeare's occurs to me—"Stop her mouth with a kiss." There are circumstances in which arise

moments when the only thing to do is to "stop her mouth," if she be alluring, or to run away if she is not. The question to kiss or not to kiss is vastly more puzzling than the subject of Hamlet's soliloquy, but the shrewd woman, as a rule, knows when to keep off the grass, how to turn the conversation from the topic, and the Dowager was right in thinking that it was grossly shocking in the Countess to permit herself to be kissed.

Concerning Kisses.

There is a novel called "La Bouche de Madame X," by the more or less famous—or infamous—Adolphe Belot, author also of the shocking novel which caused Paris to roar with laughter because, after publishing parts of it for several weeks as

a *feuilleton*, the *Gil Blas* had to drop it bang-bang on account of the discovery of its subject. In "La Bouche de Madame X" the novelist discusses the obligations which arise from wilfully receiving a kiss, and comes to the conclusion that—but on reflection I think I ought to imitate the editor of the *Gil Blas* and shut down the subject.

So the merry widow, the Countess, deter-

Dowager by a fearful scandal from which she intended to emerge unscathed—in fact, if not in reputation. This was playing with fire—or, rather, with smoke, which is far more dangerous; and so we saw her compromising herself horribly with the young man who loved her, and was basely

used as a mere cat's-paw, and the Dowager foamed at the mouth and the daughter-in-law was saucily scornful. The young man nearly lost his berth, and would have been ruined if he had; but he happened to be indispensable, so, after much suffering, he wedded the Countess. Whether she lost her money on the remarriage I cannot tell; if she did, he must have been

ruined quickly by her milliner's bills, for she was reckless. Indeed, she tried on and cast aside new dresses in a fashion that re-

minded one of Beau Brummell and his "failures"—the neckties unsuccessful at the first attempt. Mr. R. H. Powell's work certainly exhibits some talent, and is promising; and it gives a long part and several emotions to Miss Marie Tempest, who works with all her noteworthy skill and energy. Miss Lilian Cavanagh acts quite charmingly as her younger sister; and Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mr. Graham Browne, and Miss Agnes Thomas ought not to be overlooked.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



A TEMPEST OF TEARS AND A TEMPEST OF SMILES: LOUISE THE LADY'S MAID (MISS KATE SERJEANTSON) IS OVERJOYED AT FINDING HER MISTRESS, THE COUNTESS OF WYNMARTEN (MISS MARIE TEMPEST).

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



THE DOUR DOWAGER AND THE GIDDY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF WYNMARTEN (MISS AGNES THOMAS) GIVES THE COUNTESS (MISS MARIE TEMPEST) A LITTLE MOTHERLY-IN-LAW ADVICE.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

ruined quickly by her milliner's bills, for she was reckless. Indeed, she tried on and cast aside new dresses in a fashion that re-

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE WYNMARTENS."



THE COUNTESS SET FREE, THE COMBATIVE DOWAGER, AND THE MERE NOODLE: MARIE TEMPEST AND HER STAGE RELATIVES AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

To quote "Monocle": "The Dowager Countess of Wynmarten was rather a cruel, combative old lady—no wonder: the existing Earl was a mere noodle whom she wisely tied to her apron-strings; and John, the eldest son, drank himself to death. . . . The young Countess, set free, wanted to enjoy life." Her methods of doing so afford much entertainment to audiences at the Playhouse.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK.

"**D**ID Dufferin suggest me?" asked the Duke of Argyll when Disraeli gave him the Canadian appointment. "No; it would have been impudent of him to do so," answered a Premier who gloried in putting great people in their proper places. In the case of Prince Alexander of Teck there is no need to search about for a proposer. His appointment comes to pass by the natural order of succession. Failing Prince Arthur—who for the time being is tied by reason of his mother-in-law's reluctance to let her daughter go abroad for any long term—Prince Alexander is the right Prince in the right place.

A Lady Hard to Please. Criticism of the appointment is inevitable. The conflicting moods that stir our Lady of the Snows

grow fiercer every year. There is a tendency to acute division of opinion on British political questions, and acute suspicion of the British politician. The home-abiding Imperialist is suspect, and Imperialism itself is at a discount. The sending of an active member of either Party would be resented by a Dominion which is working out its own salvation; and a mere title would be extremely unwelcome, for Canada has no use for titles that have not got real men inside them. Even a Prince stirs the animosities of certain sections of the country; and if he be too princely in his ways, he becomes for the majority an object of curiosity or pity rather than respect. But the new Governor-General has at least the consolation of knowing that the objection to a Prince who possesses common-sense is less than the objection to any other sort of mortal.

In the Teck Nursery. Canada does not accept its

Governor-Generals on exactly the home valuation of their merits, and we do not insist that the superlatives used in the Teck nurseries in 1874 should be taken for gospel in the Dominion. But they have their value, for they show the atmosphere of a typical royal home. "The infant Prince is the finest you ever saw," wrote Louisa Fraser in that year, "finer than either of his brothers"; and, a little later, the flourishing mother herself writes, "My little ones are very flourishing, and great darlings." Those were years

when the Duchess of Teck could spend whole days in the nursery and whole nights in the ball-room without a suspicion of boredom in either. Entries in her diary of "Home at five a.m., bed at six," meant no loss of bloom on an abundantly blooming cheek.

"No. 3." "The boys are said to be as handsome as ever," she continues, "and No. 3 bids fair to surpass his brothers! He has splendid dark-brown eyes, and is wonderfully like his father, and such a pet!—so merry and full of fun and mischief, and *all over* dimples. May is, I am thankful to say, outgrowing her delicacy, and is greatly improving

in looks. All three promise to be apt pupils. . . . They understand German. The Sunday Scripture lessons are given by 'Mama.' Chatter about the new Governor-General's youth, his lessons, ailments, curls, charades, and character is found in plenty in the Duchess's "Life." Loyal Canada can get authentic details to its heart's content in those pages—the rest of Canada can look the other way.

Eton. Perhaps Prince Alexander is still boyish enough to be embarrassed by some of the fond adjectives, but the dimples were not, fortunately, put into print before he went to Eton. A year or so in Florence with his mother and the

sister who is now Queen Mary taught him the French and Italian that a public school always bungles. At Eton he both worked and played well—though his mother, by the way, was half-inclined to think she did the work. One day when shopping in London she discovered that the man who was serving her had children at school. "I have, too," she said, "and no one knows what we parents have to go through with all these examinations!" Something of the kindly disposition that led the Duchess to exchange confidences over the counter belongs to Prince Alexander, and should serve him in good stead in his new work among free and easy people.

Two Fields of Operations. He has already seen a

fair portion of the Empire. In 1894 the Duchess of Teck wrote, "Alas! early in the coming year we have to part with our much-beloved youngest son, Alexander, who has to join his regiment, the 7th Hussars, in India. I dread the long separation, for next year the 7th are probably to be removed to the Cape. It's an awful wrench." He saw service in Matabeleland, when he was mentioned in despatches, and in the South African War, where he won the D.S.O. and was again mentioned in despatches. Since then he has found another field of operations—the hospitals. On the death of his brother, Prince Francis, he undertook to carry on his many good works, and he has done so with energy and success.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK, APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, PRINCESS ALEXANDER, AND THEIR CHILDREN.

H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck was born at Kensington Palace on April 14, 1874, and is brother of the Queen and of the Duke of Teck. In 1904, he married Princess Alice of Albany. Their Serene Highnesses have two children—Princess May, born in January 1906; and Prince Rupert, born in August 1907. Prince Alexander, who is a Major in the 2nd Life Guards, has seen service in Matabeleland (in 1896) and in the South African War. He has done much arduous work for the Middlesex Hospital—[Photograph by Russell, Windsor.]

Camp-Man and Princess.

We have given the nursery adjectives for what they are worth; they may be usefully supplemented by an officer's description of the man he met casually in South Africa: "Tall, strongly built, everlastingly keen. I once travelled half a day with him not knowing who he was. Then I learned how earnest a soldier the Prince is, and how thoroughly wedded to his profession. He is a good trekker, and a good camp-man too." To such recommendations must be added an even greater one—the lady. Canada likes a good camp-man, and, whatever may be its prepossessions about Princes, knows how to welcome a Princess.

OUR POLO CHAMPIONS: THE TEAM AND ITS ORGANISER.



AT LAST SUCCESSFUL IN ORGANISING A TEAM
FOR AMERICA: LORD WIMBORNE.



A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH
TEAM: CAPTAIN BINGHAM.



A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH TEAM: CAPTAIN
H. A. TOMKINSON.



CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH TEAM:
CAPTAIN F. W. BARRETT.



THE MAN WHO SAVED THE SITUATION: CAPTAIN LESLIE CHEAPE, WHOSE ACCEPTANCE
OF THE INVITATION TO JOIN THE TEAM SOLVED THE DIFFICULTIES.

As everyone who is interested in the coming contest knows, Lord Wimborne has had great difficulty in forming a team to go to the United States to play the Americans for the Polo Cup. It seemed doubtful for a time whether a suitable team could be got together at all. The situation was saved by Captain Leslie Cheape's eventual acceptance of the invitation to join the team—an invitation which for various reasons

he had hesitated to entertain. His sporting action in waiving his own convenience in the interests of British polo has been much appreciated. A courteous offer by the American Polo Association to postpone the date of the match for a fortnight has been declined, and the British team will leave England on May 23, as originally arranged. Captain Bingham is the second of the six sons of Lord Clanmorris.



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THE report that Lady Aberdeen has been a failure as President of the International Council of Women in Rome comes, like many reports concerning the same lady, from a singularly ignorant source. It is stated that her speeches were lost on most members of the Council for the reason that she knows neither French nor Italian, and had always to talk in English. Anybody who has ever come into earshot of Lady Aberdeen abroad or in Ireland when she has been entertaining foreign guests will be able to judge of the inaccuracy of the report. Her French is exceptionally good—so good that she can, without preparation, make as effective a public speech in that tongue as in English.

"Phipps-Phipps!"

Mr. H. C. Phipps, who will be one of Lord Wimborne's opponents in America, is remembered in England for a famous string of motor-cars. The cars (ducal-looking machines) figured largely in the Dorset Election Petition of two or three years ago, and seemingly Mr. Phipps, an American innocent abroad, had stretched the electoral law of England by adding hired motors to his

TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER A. S. MAY :
MISS MARY PRICE.

Miss Price is the eldest daughter of Commander E. N. Price, R.N. (retired), and Mrs. Price, of Villa Frere, Malta, and Hawksview, Cobham, Surrey. Lieutenant-Commander May, of the "Dominion," is the younger son of Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir William May and Lady May.

Photograph by Bassano.

own abundant "stable." Mr. Phipps is related by marriage to Lord Wimborne, whose brother, the Hon. Frederick Guest, M.P., married Miss Amy Phipps, daughter of Mr. Henry Phipps.



IN HER WEDDING-DRESS: MRS. McADOO (MISS ELEANOR WILSON), THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT WILSON.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Wilson and Mr. William McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, took place in the Blue Room of the White House at Washington at 6 p.m. on Thursday, May 7. The ceremony was very simple, and was followed by an informal reception and a wedding supper in the State dining-room.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

THE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD,
WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO
A SON AND HEIR.

Lady Macclesfield was Miss Lilian Boyle, is the daughter of Major Charles Boyle, and is related to the Earl of Cork. Her marriage took place in 1909.

A Tilt in the Wrong Direction.

Lord Wimborne is not seventy-five! The Peer who is entered in the current "Who's Who," and whose age has been taken by a hasty daily journalist as that of the leader of the English polo team, is, of course, the late Lord Wimborne. The new holder of the title is only just turned forty, and is a man of peculiar activity; to this activity, some think, is due the faultiness of his polo, in so far as it is faulty. He is apt to work too hard, and to spoil his brilliance by a certain wildness that comes of over-strain. When he was down to tilt in the Earl's Court

Tournament of a year or two back, he started the day by a ferocious morning at Ranelagh, and arrived at Earl's Court in a state of exhaustion. In consequence, his brother, Captain "Freddie" Guest, put on the armour and tilted with the Duke of Marlborough in his stead. The verdict of the King's Armourer, that "The Duke of Marlborough has tilted well, but Lord Ashby St. Ledgers" (as Lord Wimborne then was) "has tilted better," went, therefore, to the wrong man.

"Politics." Lord Wimborne's polo-team difficulties, now happily overcome, were at one time so persistent that it was obvious that

politics (of all things!) had obtruded themselves into the situation. Lord Wimborne "rattled" at about the same time as his illustrious cousin Winston; and when the First Lord and Mrs. Churchill were in Madrid a few months ago, Lord Wimborne and his ponies were there also. This reminded the world of the company in which the Guests had changed their politics a few years previously, and enough coolness remains, it would seem, to upset the very delicate workings of a polo challenge.

Going Cheape. Great polo-players, like great polo-ponies, do not like the

spur, and Captain Leslie Cheape is to be congratulated on his decision to play for Lord Wimborne's team in the face of

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN
BASIL CLARKE : MISS
EVELYN NEVILL LEESON.

Miss Leeson is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Nevill Leeson and of Mrs. Leeson, of 76, Palace Court. Captain Clarke is the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke, of Sandown Lawn, Cheltenham.

Photograph by Sarony.

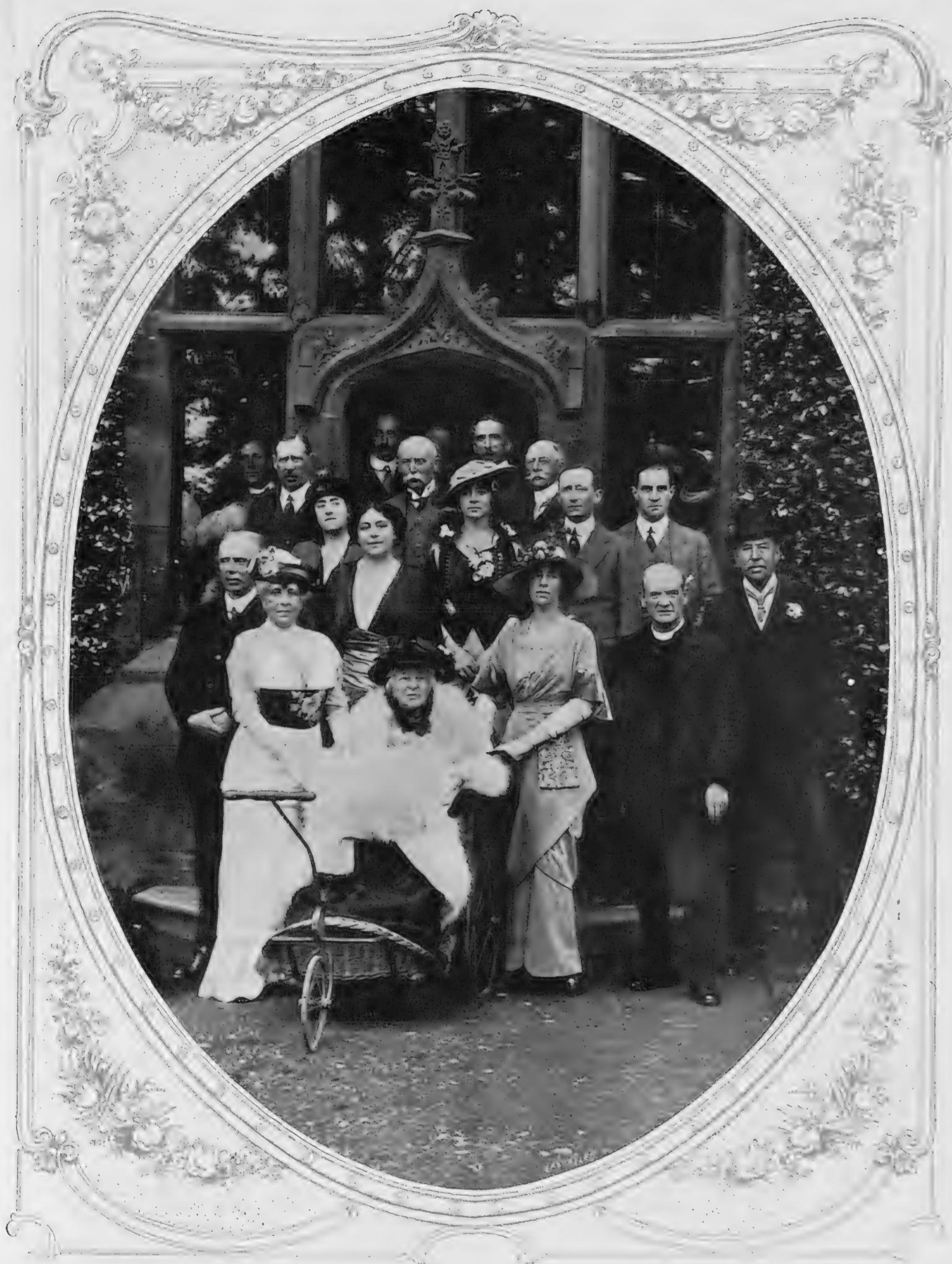


GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST WAR-CORRESPONDENT :
MISS EVELYN THORNHILL.

Miss Thornhill is the daughter of Mrs. F. W. Thornhill, and granddaughter of the late Sir William Howard Russell, who went to the Crimea as the first war correspondent, and was a personal friend of King Edward VII. Miss Thornhill sings, and (as Miss Evelyn Temple) played Mrs. Gregg in "General John Regan" with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, with whom she is now understudying.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

SOCIETY IN MICROCOISM: MUCH RANK IN A LITTLE GROUP.



INCLUDING A PRINCESS, A DUCHESS, A BISHOP, A FAMOUS INVENTOR, AND TWO GENERALS: A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING AT RUTHIN CASTLE.

There was a very distinguished gathering recently at Ruthin Castle, Denbighshire, the seat of Colonel William Cornwallis-West, on the occasion of a presentation to Colonel T. A. Wynne-Edwards, in honour of his thirty years and more of Volunteer and Territorial service. In the photograph (from left to right) are, in front, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick (in basket chair), the Princess of Pless, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and Colonel Cornwallis-West; behind them are Colonel Wynne-Edwards, Mrs. Kneeshaw,

Mme. del Valli, the Duchess of Westminster, Mr. Marconi, and Mr. Gordon Leith; at the back are Mr. Buxton (looking through the window), General Lindley, Major Phillips (in the doorway), General Sir W. H. Mackinnon, Major Keene, and Colonel Mellor. The Princess of Pless and the Duchess of Westminster are daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West. The latter's mother, Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick, is a daughter of the second Marquess of Headfort, and widow of the late Rev. Frederick Fitzpatrick.

Photograph by Helsby, Denbigh.



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

AT this happy period of the year—happy too often by convention only, for, although from my window as I write I can see waves of blossoming apple, a sheet of yellow wallflower, and the young green of elm-trees, I can see also missile rain sweeping across the valley and new branches bending under a cold north wind—still, at this happy period the heart of the little town child—if, that is to say, he has ever been in the country at all—turns hungrily to the fields and the woods, and he thinks of primroses and bluebells, of lambs, of birds' nests, of cows standing in grass already "above their ankles." Assure him, fathers and mothers, that as the season's pageantry has unfolded itself, even the poorest little country child, dweller though he already is by the side of meadows, where flowers grow and birds sing, has also his own additional delight. What that delight is and how keen I see every day.

The *Spectator* tells me that the official analysis of that paralysing engine "the Budget" gives, among other items of new expenditure for the coming year, "Education—£586,000." Think of it: five hundred and eighty-six thousand pounds! And this is merely additional to several millions of pounds which the nation has been in the habit of spending on teaching the children of the poor, and in addition (I believe) to millions of other pounds which are spent in what I, being ignorant of such matters, vaguely think of as "Church schools." Well, I suppose something is taught in all these schools. They have schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. They have buildings from whose windows at the proper hours one hears a great deal of noise issuing; reasonably happy-faced little boys and girls go in

and out. One knows that they are taught to read, because otherwise certain newspaper proprietors would never have become millionaires; one realises that they are at least shown what handwriting is; and they are made acquainted with some arithmetic. But what reading! And, even more strongly, what writing! I suppose the ordinary elementary school-master or mistress hasn't the time to see that the pupils, poor little devils, learn to write with ordinary grace and clearness. Has he the time to see that any single item of his instruction is thorough, that it is presented in such a form that it will be digested? I doubt it. . . . But I digress: I wanted to write about the spring and about the children who live in the country.

Yes, this is the season in which these children, who are being brought up by intelligent men and women who teach, one may suppose, both by precept and by example, relapse into a state of savagery, relapse unadmonished and unchecked, and embark on an orgy of cruelty that surely has no parallel in the mean streets of a big town. I know a lane bordering an orchard. Its hedges are thick and difficult to penetrate. Birds of all kinds build in their recesses. But build they never so cunningly, it is almost certain that these ten and eleven year old boys will find and watch, and, directly the little cup of moss and litter holds three or four eggs, it is pulled out and cast on the ground, and its eggs, carried about for a few minutes, meet the same fate. One sees the pieces of blue shell and the yellow yolk wherever school-children have been. . . . Some few of the nests are too well hidden to be discovered till the little birds are hatched out. To tear the nest down then and to play with the uncovered fledglings is even greater fun. . . . The worst of it is they die so soon.

Frogs, too, are great sport. A young friend of mine joined the Boy Scouts. . . . He was fond of animals, and left the corps when he saw the amusements of the boys when the Scout Master was away. Almost my own eyes have seen a knot of Boy Scouts delight for half-an-hour in squashing tadpoles with the end of their staves. For three days now the street of the little village through which I pass, a village furnished with a really satisfactory school building, has been littered with freshly picked bluebells. It was fun to pluck them, but it was, I suppose, too much trouble to take them home. Very likely the parents of the offenders were busy and too preoccupied to chide their children; but these flowers have been scattered day after day almost at the school-door: I should have thought the schoolmaster would have seen that it didn't happen twice.

Surely, even though it cost more than the many millions we now spend, it is worth our while to see that something else is taught in our schools than bad reading, bad writing, and bad manners. Let me end with a brief anecdote. In a country place miles from London a little girl thought that a number of children's books and magazines that she had outgrown would be of use in the local school. Tucking them under her arm, and mastering her shyness, she went up and asked the schoolmistress whether she wouldn't like them for her scholars. Tossing her head, the lady refused with an acidity not easy for a child to forget: "Thank you, we have all the books we want."



THE FIRST SEA-GOING MUSIC-HALL: THE STAGE IN THE BALL-ROOM OF THE LINER "AQUITANIA."

That great liner, the "Aquitania," the latest and largest addition to the Cunard Fleet, is to leave Liverpool for her maiden voyage on May 30. On the day before that there will be given, in the vessel's theatre, a variety performance, at which various well-known stars will appear. It is expected that, now that music-hall artists are continually coming and going by sea, a number of such entertainments will be given during the voyages of the liner. So is likely to come into being the first ocean music-hall. The stage of the "Aquitania" has a forty-foot opening. If matters can be arranged satisfactorily, it will be retained as a permanent structure.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]



SPECTACLE-OPERA-GLASSES: THE LATEST THING FOR THE THEATRE AND FOR THE OPEN-AIR!

Photograph by Frankl.

FIRESIDE FUTURISM.



THE MISTRESS: Now, Jane, how often have I told you not to leave your eye upon the mantelpiece?

JANE (who has been studying Futurist theories): You are mistaken, Mum. That is not my eye, but merely the dynamic conception of its lyrical form interpreted by infinite manifestation of its relations between absolute movement and relative movement; or, in a word, between ambience and object, until it forms a . . .

THE MISTRESS: Then you may take a month's notice from to-day.

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES

THE AMAZING MIDNIGHT BALL—THE CINDERELLIAN SAPPHO.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and Lounion" and "Phrynette Married."

"SAPPHO," said Germaine, with her mouth full of pins, "was dark, her nose was noble and straight, and won't that lyre hamper you when you are dancing?"

Germaine is supposed to be helping me in preparing my get-up for June 25, but her help consists mainly in pin-pricks and teasing comments.

I maintain that Sappho was red-headed—or might have been—that we can only conjecture about the shape of her nose, and I am not going to hug my gilt lyre exclusively and all throughout the night; so, my amiable readers and friends, when we meet at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy—as I know we shall—do be kind and say you immediately recognised in me the Greek poetess. Description: two yards of pink chiffon and a pair of cothurni, one of which I mean carefully to lose and so give a chance to any Prince Charming. Further description: followed by an imp masquerading as a Bacchante in vine-leaves and a leopard-skin—which her other name is Germaine. I have promised her, when that beautiful £600 20-h.p. Daimler, the *clou* of the Savoy Ball, is mine, to make room in it for her small person; and she offered me in return, should the motor-car happen to be presented to her, to let me drive it. If that is not a proof of trust and friendship, what is?

I am assuming that you already know all about the Midnight Ball of next month, details of which appeared in last week's *Sketch*; but those of you who have not seen, read, and been conquered, listen then! On June 25 there is going to be a gr-r-r-eat ball at the Savoy. Its object is to benefit the National Institute for the Blind, and at the same time provide a rippling time for those who have a pair of sound eyes—and legs. The scheme is a splash of splendour, and, to quote Germaine, "noble and majestic"—like Sappho's nose. Whereas in the dull old times Charity meant coarse wool and jumble-sales, and tea-parties and amateur concerts, many misdirected efforts and a miserable time for the benevolent—to-day nous avons changé tout cela! At least, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has, and

Wilson and Gill, the Gramophone Company, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, Messrs. J. W. Benson, Messrs. Pope and Bradley, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Messrs. Simmons, M. Zac, Messrs. Zyrot, Messrs. Russell the photographers, the management of the Empire Theatre, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Messrs. Redfern, Paquin's, and M. Barbellion—all those houses, and certainly others by-and-by, are offering wondrous gifts for you—and me, I hope!—to receive in exchange for the purchase of a ball ticket. Now, as I have said, I have set my heart on the prize automobile—I do wish to be given it, and what you wish for very hard you generally get. I went and saw it at the Daimler offices in Pall Mall, and—*ma parole!*—it is a ducky darling car! I can imagine what orgies of midnight rides one—or two—could have in it, its slim, hound-like form leaping forward in country lanes between dancing blue hedges and gambolling trees.

But even if I receive the greatest of the gifts, here is a goodly list of other pleasant presents. One fifty-guinea gown by a great *couturier*, and another by a different firm, a £40 cabinet of cigars, twenty-five guineas' worth of gold and silver, the Queen Anne Circassian Gramophone (I am quoting, readers dear, and there is no fuller description of this prize. But does it not sound extraordinarily fascinating?—I always imagined that the gramophone was a modern invention!) Then there are two tickets for a tour—now honeymooners, please note—a fifty-guinea clock, suits sufficient for a year, a fifty-guinea "plunge" in the Sports Coat department of a great house, a twenty-guinea coat and skirt, hats by famous makers, a box at the Empire, an order for sixteen guineas' worth of photographs, a fifty-guinea dressing-bag, a fifty-guinea model gown, twelve-guinea *bonbonnières*, a forty-guinea gown—any of these would do, don't you think?—and any one of these may be received because you have bought a three-guinea ticket, which also entitles one not only to the ball, but to a champagne supper as well. So that those of us who will start the evening by concert or theatre going can have their supper at leisure at the Savoy without having to bolt their food down (English-supper fashion) in apprehension of the midnight stroke; and also those who may be thus out during the earlier part of the night need not bother because of their orthodox evening dress, nor need they go home to change into fancy costumes—they will be able to hire dominoes at the entrance of the Savoy. Tickets (limited to 1200) can be obtained from Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C.

And, amiable readers, when we meet on June 25, please do not merely say my costume is very nice. Ask me to dance, and, if you get the car, for a ride to Cythera! "A geographical impossibility?" Tut, tut! Midnight is the hour when everything is possible!



WITH THE BOY WHO HAS A REGIMENT AS GOD-FATHER: THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, AND HER INFANT SON, ERNEST AUGUSTUS.

The child of the Kaiser's only daughter was christened the other day with considerable ceremonial, and was given names including Ernest Augustus (after his father), Joseph and Nicholas. A deputation of the officers and men of the Duke of Brunswick's old regiment, the 1st Bavarian Heavy Dragoons, which is godfather to the infant, attended the christening.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"though I write it who should not," and some of the great London *maisons* such as the Daimler Company, Messrs. Reville and Rossiter, Mme. Hayward, Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer, Messrs.



WIFE OF THE DANISH MINISTER TO THIS COUNTRY: MME. GREVENKOP CASTENSKIOLD, WHO ENTERTAINED THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK AT LUNCHEON DURING THEIR VISIT TO LONDON.

The arrangements for the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark to this country included luncheon at the Danish Legation. His Excellency H. Grevenkop Castenskiold has been Danish Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's since 1912, and is a Chamberlain to the King of Denmark. In 1910, he married Ann Margaret (Daisy), third daughter of Count Friis, of Friisborg, Denmark.

Photograph by Swaine.

“The Sketch” Supplement to the “Encyclopædia of Sport”!



II.—SPINNING FOR CROCODILES IN THE BAY OF BENGAL.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE ATOMIC, "VOLCANO"-MAKING BOMB AS PEACE-BRINGER: "THE WORLD SET FREE."*

The Age of Energy.

It came about in that Age of Energy whose first new power was steam, whose second was electricity, whose third was radio-activity. Men read of it in newspapers whose pages were of metallic foil. Flying-machines, safe as any old hack, hovered overhead or flashed through the air over automobile-ridden streets. The cities and the towns were smokeless. Only the law and the Parliament pursued the tortuous paths of the early twentieth century. The atomic engine, an introduction of 1953, was revolutionising the industrial world. Cheap, unskilled labour was being scrapped: the machine was cheaper and skilled. The call was for the intelligent; the others cried aloud and marched pitifully and demanded work. In Leicester Square there was a garden set high on arches. "The foot-passenger was restricted to a narrow vestige of the ancient foot-path on either side of the track, and forbidden at the risk of a fine, if he survived, to cross the roadway. People descended from their automobiles upon this pavement and went through the lower shops to the lifts and stairs to the new ways for pedestrians, the Rows, that ran along the front of the houses at the level of the first storey, and being joined by frequent bridges, gave the newer parts of London a curiously Venetian appearance. In some streets there were upper and even third-storey Rows." The police had power to challenge and demand the Labour Card of any indigent-looking person, and if the record failed to show he was in employment, dismiss him to the traffic pavement below.

The Death of "Orders."

It came: the Last War. And the British troops crossed to France by the Channel Tunnel. In Paris, the Allies, represented by Marshal Dubois, General Viard, and the Earl of Delhi, plotted their campaign against the Central European Powers, playing for world supremacy. They schemed in the great hall of the War Control, whose windows looked out across the Seine to the Trocadero; watching the shifting of the little blocks on the relief-maps as the armies moved and counter-moved. They were Orders. "There was no Napoleon, no Cæsar, to embody enthusiasm." Then, at night, silently, three black shapes swooped down through the torn clouds. "From a point a little below two of them there had already started curling trails of red." To one watching, there was the sense of being torn out of the world "a great ball of crimson-purple fire like a maddened living thing that seemed to be whirling about very rapidly amidst a chaos of falling masonry, that seemed to be attacking the earth furiously, that seemed to be burrowing into it like a blazing rabbit." With the re-awakening was knowledge of chaos, ruin, a leaping glare. The War Control had gone: Orders were dead. The reply was sent to Berlin, borne through the air by two young Frenchmen. It was as that which had called it forth: the atomic bomb. It was delivered on to the Imperial Palace, and the façade tottered and crumbled before the flare as sugar dissolves in water.

The Atomic Bomb; a Continuing Explosive.

"Never before in the history of warfare had there been a continuing explosive. . . . These atomic bombs which science burst upon the world . . . were strange even to the men who used them. Those used by the allies were lumps of pure Carolinum, painted on the outside with unoxidized cydonator inductive enclosed hermetically in a case of membranum . . . Carolinum, . . . once its degenerative process had been induced, continued a furious radiation of energy, and nothing could arrest it. . . . A moment or so after its explosion began it was still mainly an inert sphere exploding superficially, a big inanimate nucleus wrapped in flame and thunder. Those that were thrown from aeroplanes fell in this state; they reached the ground still mainly solid and, melting soil and rock in their progress, bored into the earth. There, as more and more of the Carolinum became active, the bomb spread itself out into a monstrous cavern of fiery energy at the base of what became very speedily a miniature active volcano. The Carolinum, unable to disperse, freely drove into and mixed up with a boiling confusion of molten soil and super-heated steam and so remained spinning furiously and maintaining an eruption that lasted for years or months or weeks, according to the size of the bomb employed and the chances of its dispersal. Once launched the bomb was absolutely unapproachable and uncontrollable until its forces were nearly exhausted."

All the World One.

The atomic bomb gave the "decisive touch" to war: stopped it as an impossibility. At any time, one man might devastate a city. This after the world had flared into a monstrous phase of destruction.

"Power after Power about the armed globe sought to anticipate attack by aggression. They went to war in a delirium of panic, in order to use their bombs first. China and Japan had assailed Russia and destroyed Moscow, the United States had attacked Japan, India was in anarchistic revolt with Delhi a pit of fire spouting death and flame; the redoubtable King of the Balkans was mobilising. . . . By the spring of 1959 from nearly two hundred centres, and every week added to their number, roared the unquenchable crimson conflagrations of the atomic bombs, the flimsy fabric of the world's credit had vanished, industry was completely disorganised, and every city, every thickly populated area, was starving or trembled on the verge of starvation. Most of the capital cities of the world were burning; millions of people had already perished, and over great areas government was at an end." The thing was folly. So out of it came a Conference upon the meadows of Brissago, a meeting of Sovereigns and of strong men of the peoples; and, behold, the civilised earth was one Republic, run by a Committee who saw to it, first of all, that the existing supply of atomic ammunition and the apparatus for synthesizing Carolinum was seized. How the freed world wagged then—a most harmonious sphere on which men created rather than destroyed—Mr. Wells tells. His book, in his earlier, rather than his later manner, is very entertaining: we have but hinted at one of its phases.



THE PELICAN'S BUMP OF AMATIVENESS! A BIRD AT THE "ZOO" TRYING TO LOOK "FETCHING" DURING THE COURTING SEASON.

Our correspondent notes: "During the courting season, the pelicans at the 'Zoo' endeavour to look 'fetching' by growing a horny lump on their beaks. This adornment proves an irresistible attraction to the susceptible female."

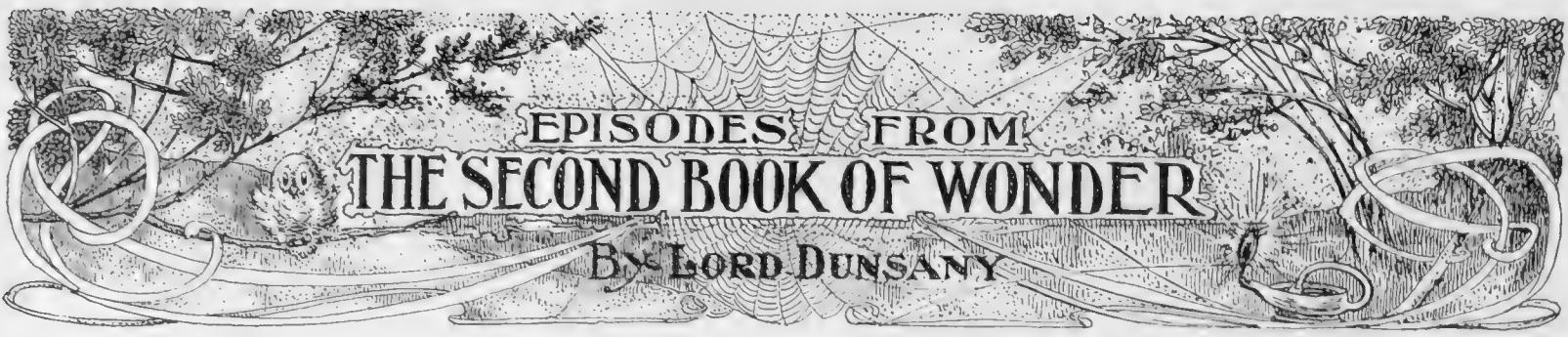
Photograph by Berridge.

POSES TO BE PRACTISED FOR THE PICTURE PAPERS.



1. A POPULAR POSE FOR GOLFERS (MALE AND FEMALE).
 3. AN ARTISTIC FLOWER STUDY. (N.B.—GET YOUR ATHLETIC FRIENDS
 TO POSE FOR YOU.)

2. A SELECTION OF EXPRESSIONS, SUITABLE FOR BRIDES, ETC., ETC.
 4. ANOTHER FLOWER STUDY. (CHOOSE SOME SIMPLE TITLE. THE ABOVE
 IS CALLED "THE SPOTTED GENTIAN.")



EPISODE II.—THE BIRD OF THE DIFFICULT EYE.

OBSEERVANT men and women who know their Bond Street well will appreciate my astonishment when in a jeweller's shop I perceived that nobody was furtively watching me. Not only this, but when I even picked up a little carved crystal to examine it, no shop-assistants crowded round me. I walked the whole length of the shop, still no one politely followed.

Seeing from this that some extraordinary revolution had occurred in the jewellery business, I went with my curiosity well aroused to a queer old person, half demon and half man, who has an idol-shop in a byway of the City and who keeps me informed of affairs of the Edge of the World. And briefly, over a pinch of heathen incense that he takes by way of snuff, he gave me this tremendous information: that Mr. Neepy Thang, the son of Thangobrind, had returned from the Edge of the World and was even now in London. The information may not appear tremendous to those unacquainted with the source of jewellery; but when I say that the only thief employed by any West-End jeweller since famous Thangobrind's distressing doom is this same Neepy Thang, and that for lightness of fingers and swiftness of stocking foot they have none better in Paris, it will be understood why the Bond Street jewellers no longer cared what became of their old stock.

There were big diamonds in London that summer, and a few considerable sapphires. In certain astounding kingdoms behind the East strange Sovereigns missed from their turbans the heirlooms of ancient wars; and here and there the keepers of crown jewels, who had not heard the stocking feet of Thang, were questioned and died slowly.

And the jewellers gave a little dinner to Thang at the Hotel Great Magnificent; the windows had not been opened for five years, and there was wine at a guinea a bottle that you could not tell from champagne, and cigars at half-a-crown with a Havana label. Altogether it was a splendid evening for Thang.

But I have to tell of a far sadder thing than a dinner at an hotel. The public require jewellery, and jewellery must be obtained. I have to tell of Neepy Thang's last journey.

That year the fashion was emeralds. A man named Green had recently crossed the Channel on a bicycle, and the jewellers said that a green stone would be particularly appropriate to commemorate the event, and recommended emeralds.

Now a certain moneylender of Cheapside who had just been made a Peer had divided his gains into three equal parts: one for the purchase of the peerage, country house and park, and the 20,000 pheasants that are absolutely essential; and one for the upkeep of the position; while the third he banked abroad, partly to cheat the native tax-gatherer, and partly because it seemed to him that the days of the Peerage were few and that he might at any moment be called upon to start afresh elsewhere. In the upkeep of the position he included jewellery for his wife, and so it came about that Lord Castlenorman placed an order with two well-known Bond Street Jews named Messrs. Grosvenor and Campbell to the extent of £100,000 for a few reliable emeralds.

But the emeralds in stock were mostly small and shop-soiled, and Neepy Thang had set out at once before he had hid as much as a week in London. I will briefly sketch his project. Not many knew it, for where the form of business is blackmail the fewer creditors you have the better (which, of course, in various degrees applies at all times).

On the shores of the risky seas of Shiroora Shan grows one tree only, so that upon its branches, if anywhere in the world, there must build its nest the Bird of the Difficult Eye. And Neepy Thang had

come by this information, which was indeed the truth, that if the bird migrated to Fairyland before the three eggs hatched out they would undoubtedly all turn into emeralds, while if they hatched out first it would be a bad business. When he had mentioned these eggs to Messrs. Grosvenor and Campbell, they had said, "The very thing": they were men of few words—in English, for it was not their native tongue.

So Neepy Thang set out. He bought the purple ticket at Victoria Station. He went by Herne Hill, Bromley, and Bickley, and passed St. Mary Cray. At Eynesford he changed, and, taking a footpath along a winding valley, went wandering into the hills. And at the top of a hill in a little wood, where all the anemones long since were over, and the perfume of mint and thyme from outside came drifting in with Thang, he found once more the familiar path, age-old and fair as wonder, that leads to the Edge of the World. Little to him were its sacred memories that are one with the secret of earth, for he was out on business, and little would they be to me if I ever put them on paper. Let it suffice that he went down that path, going further and further from the fields we know, and all the way he muttered to himself, "What if the eggs hatch out and it be a bad business?" The glamour that is at all times upon those lonely lands that lie at the back of the chalky hills of Kent intensified as he went upon his journey. Queerer and queerer grew the things that he saw by little World-End Path. Many a twilight descended upon that journey with all their mysteries, many a blaze of stars; many a morning came flaming up to a tinkle of silvern horns, till the outpost elves of Fairyland came in sight and the glittering crests of Fairyland's three mountains betokened the journey's end.

And so with painful steps (for the shores of the world are covered with huge crystals) he came to the risky seas of Shiroora Shan and saw them pounding to gravel the wreckage of fallen stars, saw them and heard their roar, the shipless seas that, between earth and the fairies' homes, heave beneath some huge wind that is none of our four. And there in the darkness on the grizzly coast—for darkness was swooping slantwise down the sky as though with some evil purpose—there stood that lonely, gnarled, and deciduous tree. It was a bad place to be found in after dark, and night descended with multitudes of stars; beasts prowling in the blackness glittered* at Neepy Thang. And there, on a lower branch within easy reach, he clearly saw the Bird of the Difficult Eye sitting upon the nest for which she is famous. Her face was towards those three inscrutable mountains, far off on the other side of the risky seas, whose hidden valleys are Fairyland. Though not yet autumn in the fields we know, it was close on mid-winter here, the moment, as Thang knew well, when the eggs hatch out. Had he miscalculated, and arrived a minute too late? Yet the bird was even now about to migrate; her pinions fluttered, and her gaze was towards Fairyland. Thang hoped, and muttered a prayer to those pagan gods whose spite and vengeance he had most reason to fear.

It seems that it was too late, or a prayer too small to placate them, for there and then the stroke of mid-winter came and the eggs hatched out in the roar of Shiroora Shan or ever the bird was gone with her difficult eye, and it was a bad business indeed for Neepy Thang: I haven't the heart to tell you any more.

"'Ere," said Lord Castlenorman some few weeks later to Messrs. Grosvenor and Campbell, "you aren't 'ari taking your time about those emeralds."

* See any dictionary, but in vain.

SIME ILLUSTRATES "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER."



"THE BIRD OF THE DIFFICULT EYE": AN EPISODE FROM "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER,"
BY LORD DUNSANY.

"And there in the darkness on the grizzly coast . . . there stood that lonely, gnarled, and deciduous tree. It was a bad place to be found in after dark, and night descended with multitudes of stars; beasts prowling in the blackness glittered

at Neepy Thang. . . . There and then the stroke of mid-winter came and the eggs hatched out in the roar of Shiroora Shan or ever the bird was gone with her difficult eye, and it was a bad business indeed for Neepy Thang."

A TRYING TRIO.



THE "DOER" OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: I do wish they'd label the R.A.s and the A.R.A.s, and then we shouldn't waste so much time looking at the wrong pictures.

DRAWN BY A. E. HORNE.



Since the recent outrage by a militant Suffragette at the Royal Academy, the vigilance of the police has been redoubled, and any suspicious person is closely shadowed.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBNEY.



THE DOCTOR: Well, young lady, and what do you want to see me about?

THE PATIENT (*in the slashed skirt*): Oh-er-doctor-I-er—that is—I don't know what's the matter—Oh! it's dreadful to have to say it—but—I want you to look at my leg!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



ON THE LINKS

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THE MOST INCALCULABLE OF AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS : A MYSTERIOUS STOCK EXCHANGE FAVOURITE.

Championship Prophecies.

The wise golfer will do his best at and about the time that these lines are printed, and until about Friday afternoon of this week, to avoid everything in the nature of prophecy about the result of the Amateur Championship meeting which is now in progress at Sandwich. I can hardly imagine any sporting competition in which, in the very nature of things, the result must be so uncertain as in the Amateur Golf Championship, and that for many reasons. As we all know, form is extremely uncertain at golf, and a man who plays like a champion one day may be little better than his caddie the next. Then the element of luck in matches and a competition of this kind is so very great. It makes all the difference in the world, and may settle the championship, as to whether a particular putt goes into the hole or runs over it or round the rim, and it may not be the fault of the player that it does these things. Many thousands of putts are holed every day that had no business to be holed, and many more thousands miss their object when they were played thoroughly well. Again, in eighteen-hole matches the luck factor has more effect than it could have in thirty-six hole engagements; and, what with all this and the luck of the draw as well, it really does seem that almost anybody, as it were, might win the championship, and it is extremely unsafe to pin one's faith to any particular player. In the circumstances of the case, it is remarkable that the really best golfers should win the event as they have done in the past. The men who have succeeded have always been among the very best; in almost every case in recent years the successful players have been thoroughly well known, and in the majority the winners have been recognised as being in a superior class by themselves. But nobody has ever won an Amateur Championship when not playing right up to his form and with luck against him, and probably never will do.

GOLF IN A BOWLER! MR. MARTIN MURPHY, M.P., PLAYING FOR IRISH M.P.S AGAINST THE LONDON IRISH GOLFING SOCIETY, AT WALTON HEATH.

Mr. Martin Joseph Murphy has been M.P. (Nat.) for the East Waterford Division of Waterford County since February of last year.

Photograph by *Sport and General*.

was a strong conviction beforehand that he would do so. On the occasion of the last championship at Hoylake Mr. C. K. Hutchison was very much fancied, and after him Mr. Abe Mitchell and Mr. John Ball were the best favourites. The first-named went down rather unexpectedly at an early stage, Mr. Ball himself accounted for Mr. Mitchell, and the great man of Hoylake then won the championship. It is not easy to say who has been the favourite this year. I saw in a Scottish paper the other day that it was stated, with some apparent satisfaction, that on the London Stock Exchange, where speculative business in golf futures was transacted, a Scottish player who was not named had been made a good favourite. Who was the man? Captain Hutchison has been playing well in recent times, but he has not been enough in the public eye to become a favourite. Mr. J. L. C. Jenkins, the clever little Troon player, whose confidence is always in inverse proportion to his physical size, might quite conceivably win a championship before long, but he is not a man they would bet about on the Stock Exchange. Then Mr. Gordon Lockhart is one of the best hopes of the North in these days, and he might go through; but he cannot have been regarded quite as a favourite, nor Mr. Gordon Simpson either.

The Problem of Sandwich.

There remain only two men of great account. One is Mr.

Edward Blackwell, and the other Mr. Robert Harris. The former was in the final at Sandwich ten years ago, when Mr. Walter Travis, the American, succeeded. Although he is not so young now as he was then, Mr. Blackwell is certainly not inferior as a golfer. Yet somehow I do not think he can possibly have been made first favourite, nor Mr. Robert Harris either, first-

Favourites of the Past.

Perhaps there has been a championship in which prospects have been more difficult to estimate than they have been this time, and that is by no means because the entry is such a very large one or because of any complications in calculation that have been caused by the American element. Despite all the risks of prediction, there have been a few years in recent times when the most knowing people in the golf world have had a remarkable instinct that certain players would go through, and it has

been justified. There was great faith in Mr. Hilton last year at St. Andrews. I remember also that when Mr. Maxwell won the last championship played at Muirfield five years ago there



WINNERS OF THE GREAT PROFESSIONAL FOURSOMES TOURNAMENT BY 5 AND 4: L. HOLLAND AND J. B. BATLEY.

In the semi-finals of the "Sphere" and "Tatler" Professional Foursomes Tournament, J. B. Batley, of Bushey Hall, and L. Holland, of Northamptonshire, beat Alexander Herd, of Coombe Hill, and J. Cheal, of Seaford, by 3 and 2.—[Photograph by *Sport and General*.]

I would name them but that the great problem is now in progress of solution, and already some of them must have fallen.



RUNNERS-UP IN THE GREAT PROFESSIONAL FOURSOMES TOURNAMENT: G. E. SMITH AND C. MCINTOSH.

In the semi-finals of the "Sphere" and "Tatler" Professional Foursomes Tournament, G. E. Smith, of Bieldside, and C. McIntosh, of Preston, beat C. H. Mayo, of Burhill, and D. R. Fox, of Whittington, by 4 and 2.

Photograph by *Sport and General*.

HENRY LEACH.



THE COLISEUM: THE OXFORD: THE HIPPODROME.

AT the Coliseum the other afternoon I found a large audience obviously enjoying itself. And its enjoyment was based on very sure grounds, for there was plenty of variety and heaps of fun at its disposal. Unfortunately, Miss Florence Smithson was prevented by indisposition from appearing, but her place was well filled by Mr. Malcolm Scott, who evoked great laughter. Miss Marie Studholme once more delighted the house with her performance in "Her Ladyship"; and Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh played the fourth and final act of "Find the Woman" with much success. Mme. Bonita and Mr. Lew Hearn gave great satisfaction with rag-time; and Mrs. Langtry appeared in a little piece by Mr. Percy Fendall called "Ashes," supported by Messrs. Robert Horton and Ashton Pearse. Mrs. Langtry—who, it need hardly be mentioned, still looks beautiful—plays the part of Lady Lambert, who is about to dine out, leaving her husband to go out with his friend Mr. Fowler. During Sir James Lambert's temporary absence, Mr. Fowler, who is a notoriously impecunious person, without much delicacy, informs her Ladyship that he still retains an indiscreet letter which she wrote to him before her marriage, and adds that he is in need of money to take him abroad. The poor lady distractedly agrees to get the money from her husband, which, during Fowler's temporary absence, she does, ostensibly for the relief of her sister, who, she says, is in pecuniary difficulties. On Fowler's return, the husband again conveniently retires, Fowler is given the cheque, and her Ladyship receives from him her letter, which she burns with much gusto. On the re-entry of her husband, the lady boldly tells him that there is no need for his generosity, and forces Mr. Fowler to hand back the cheque to her spouse, amid loud applause. This playlet was done full justice to by all those engaged in it, and was very well received by the audience. Mrs. Langtry dealt with her character with great capability, and her assistants were quite equal to the tasks imposed upon them.

Still More Revue. At the Oxford last Monday there was produced a "Land and Water Revue" entitled "Miss Paris in London," written by Mr. Leonard F. Durell, with the music composed and arranged by Mr. David Comber. The Commère and Compère having foregathered, they agree to go and see the sights together, and in the course of its progress the performance takes them from one thing to another, until we finally arrive at Trouville, where, into a tank placed in the centre of the stage, chorus ladies dive one after another, and the majority of the male performers are all summarily immersed. A damper scene than this has rarely been

witnessed on any stage, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the performers in it will not catch their death of cold. However, it must be frankly confessed that they seem to enjoy their immersion most completely—a fact which raises hopes of their immunity from catarrh. In Scene V., which is laid in the Sporting and Dramatic Club, there are several one-minute burlesques of plays, which are adequately done, especially in the case of a play by Pshaw, which is interrupted from the centre of the house. There is a rather elongated harlequinade scene, which might well be shortened; there is a scene in which a Suffragette brings a series of men into a marriage bureau; there are numerous rag-time ditties; there is some dancing; and there is much business of the usual revue order. Mr. Eustace Burnaby is the leading comedian; and Miss Olive Plant, the Commère, is a bright and attractive leading lady. The other players are all capable performers, and do their best to make the piece go. But

it really does require considerable curtailment and compression. On its first night it lasted till a quarter to twelve, which in itself means an undue attack upon an audience's powers of calm self-control.

Frank Tinney Back Again.

I went on Wednesday afternoon last to the Hippodrome, impelled by an irresistible impulse. I had heard that Frank Tinney was back among us, and nothing could prevent my going at the first opportunity. As a rule, I am not fond of this type of entertainment, and we have had scores of gentlemen

with blackened faces coming before us and more or less wearying us with their patter. But Tinney was a delight when he was at the Palace, and proves himself equally entertaining at the Hippodrome. Truth to tell, he has provided himself with little new material, but that does not matter a jot. He is just the same irresistible person that he was when he was here before, and he meets with precisely the roars of laughter which greeted him on his previous visit. The conductor of the orchestra, as before, makes room for his interlocutor, who sits down and carries on a ridiculous conversation with the comedian, who answers him in most mirth-provoking fashion. Mr. Tinney's powers of performance upon the bagpipes have decreased in no degree since his last visit, and his appearance at the Hippodrome may be held to have inspired it with new life. Miss Ethel Levey is still the great attraction, singing rag-time in a manner calculated to convert its bitterest opponent, dancing with infinite grace, and displaying her extraordinary powers of burlesque in quite inimitable fashion; while Miss Shirley Kellogg and a host of other clever people are there to give her assistance. Consequently, it may be safely prophesied that the Hippodrome revue will be running for some time to come.

ROVER.



TRILBY, POSING IN THE ALTOGETHER, SHOCKS LITTLE BILLEE: "TRILBY" ON THE FILM.
"Trilby" has been filmed, with Sir Herbert Tree as Svengali, Miss Viva Birkett as Trilby, and Mr. Ion Swinley as Billee.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE LIGHT CAR TRIALS: STRAKER-SQUIRES TAKE TO RACING: DAIMLERS ON HIRE.

Light Car Trial Awards.

As the Singer Company of Coventry were among the first to enter the field of light-car builders, using the word "light" in its modern sense of including cheapness as well, it is only poetic justice that they should now be able to boast the possession of the *Light Car Cup* and its accompanying cash prize of 200 guineas. This success was well earned by the performance of Car No. 22 in the recent thousand miles Reliability Trial promoted by the Royal Automobile Club. The car showed up excellently on hills, and ran with such consistency throughout that it secured a non-stop run on every one of the twelve runs. In appearance it ranked second to none in smartness, and was superior to the majority of those engaged; and this remark equally applies, of course, to the two sister-cars which also took part in this now famous contest. The winner's mechanical features are naturally a subject of special interest, and it may therefore be mentioned that the engine is of the four-cylinder type, with a bore of 63 mm. and a stroke of 88 mm., and a cubic capacity of 1096 cubic centimetres. The transmission is by cordon shaft to a bevel live axle, with three forward speeds, and the car turned the scale at 1250 lb., with passengers, ere starting for the Trial. Its price is £204 15s.

The Gold Medallists. To those who made dismal prophecies as to the result of the

contest the actual record of successes must have come as a rude shock. Of the thirty-two starters, no fewer than twenty were driven to a finish; while the causes of retirement were in some cases of no great consequence, though sundry weaklings were justifiably weeded out, and their manufacturers will have profited by the lesson. For any car to have scored a clean sheet of non-stop runs on so strenuous an itinerary was undoubtedly an achievement, for the routes were quite difficult enough to test the stamina of much higher-powered and much more expensive products. Nevertheless, nine cars came through unscathed from the ordeal, as the following list will show: Three Swifts, two Singers, and one each of the G.W.K., Hillman, Standard, and Salmon. In the first instance the last-named was returned as having stopped on the final morning run, but the judges decided that it was baulked, and absolved it from penalty. Very interesting, by the way, were the closing day's records as to petrol-consumption, taken over a course which included the climbing of Sutton Bank. The Gordon car registered no less than 53.98 miles per gallon, while other noteworthy figures have been officially published as under: Swifts, 43.36, 40.82, and 38.78 miles per gallon; G.W.K., 36.17; and Singers, 35.74 and 34.80.

THE FIRST CHIMPANZEE TO DRIVE A MOTOR-CYCLE! "LITTLE NAP" ASSURING HIS WIFE (IN THE SIDE-CAR) THAT HE WILL NOT EXCEED THE SPEED-LIMIT!

Photograph by Harvey.

vehicle was rarely of an up-to-date pattern; while, if obtained elsewhere, it was probably a ramshackle concern which had been picked up cheap. All this, however, has long since been changed, and in no case more remarkably than in that of the Daimler Company. For several years past they have had a special hire department, quite distinct from their ordinary business, and have built up a big connection in this particular branch. Extension followed extension after the first plunge, and now the Company has removed its hire department to enormous premises in Store Street, Tottenham Court Road. Herenofewer than 250 cars can be housed at one and the same time, and of the spaciousness of the new premises I had ocular proof on the occasion of a Press visit to this hiring palace a day or two ago. The cars which are therein housed are mostly of the latest type, and sumptuous limousines, roomy landauettes, or open

phætons are all alike available to patrons at choice. Sometimes as many as one hundred are taken out for duty in one day. The Company has received many commands from members of the royal family for Daimler cars, and at royal functions they are invariably in request. The War Office, too, every year hires whole fleets of cars for the manoeuvres.

Cars for the Tourist Trophy.

One of the most interesting features of the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man on June 10 and 11 will be the début of the Straker-Squire cars in the field of racing. Messrs. Straker-Squire have specialised for years on a single type of touring-car, and have always "paddled their own canoe" in respect of refusing to accept the results of other people's experiments until they themselves have

been able to prove the accuracy of the results by tests in their own workshops. This policy they have maintained in the designing and construction of their Tourist Trophy racers, which in several respects will differ from the general run of racing-cars. The Straker-Squires will have the shortest-stroke engines of all the competing vehicles—namely, 93 mm. by 120 mm.—and will also have a very short wheel-base, with a view to coping with the "hairpin" corner on the mountain road. Though extreme lightness has also been attained, special springing and other constructional details will, it is believed, enable the cars to hold the road well at high speeds. Two pairs of engines have been built—one of conventional design, and the other with overhead valves; and the type which gives the best results in forthcoming bench and road tests will be adopted for the race itself.

Car-Hiring de Luxe. Time was when the hiring of a motor-car was not only a costly, but a risky undertaking. If procured from a motor-manufacturing firm,



MODELED AFTER THE LEAF OF A TREE WHICH IS BALANCED BY THE SEEDS: THE NEW "GYROPTÈRE" PAPIN AND ROUILLY.

A correspondent writes: "This new aeroplane, which is under construction in Paris, is based on the principle of the leaf of a well-known American tree, which is balanced by the seeds and so is prevented from falling rapidly. The aeroplane, therefore, will fall slowly to the ground, even if its motor should stop or if it should capsize. The airman will be able to start the motor with one hand while sitting in the machine."—[Photograph by Branger.]

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NOTWITHSTANDING the many footmen in crimson and powder, and the golden look of the long drawing-room at Sunderland House, a strong democratic vein ran through the speeches delivered there last week. The Duchess of Marlborough's own address had stuff in it fit to send tremors through the foundations of Mayfair. Though people are apt to smile at Duchesses who take life seriously, her Grace convinced her audience that she is doing invaluable work in connection with the new Women's Municipal Party—"Womunpar," for short. Nobody smiles

Royal Society of Arts. He warned his hearers (many of whom were reverend professors) against the "hideously ugly" short

statuesque conception of the modern woman, with nothing to her name but a vanity-bag, would have made a diversion among the many things in the R.A. that are, literally and otherwise, as heavy as stone. The criticism that any lady with a vanity-bag would inevitably find some little thing in it to put on may be sound as far as it goes, but does not affect the artistic interest of a figure which one had half expected to see at Burlington House.

The Two Brushes. Countess Feodora's sister, by the way, is showing a substantial collection of oil-



THE TRAINER AND OWNER OF THE SENSATION-HORSE TETRARCH : MR. PERSSE (LEFT) AND CAPTAIN McCALMONT.

Tetrarch, the "Rocking Horse," was scratched from the Derby on May 13. The trainer, Mr. A. W. Persse, made the following communication: "Having received information from my head man at Stockbridge after racing yesterday that The Tetrarch's leg had filled subsequent to his gallop on Tuesday, and having ascertained later more fully the extent of that injury, I wired to Captain McCalmont, who is at training with his regiment in Ireland, advising him to scratch the horse for the Derby, and I take the earliest opportunity of making this public."

Photograph by Sport and General.

at the Duchesses who give their time to dances, races, shopping, and the opera; the humour comes in, apparently, when they stop frivolling. This particular Duchess can afford to laugh back; her smile, when she retorted to some little sally in regard to Suffrage, was quite the most beautiful thing that has ever happened on a platform.

Lady Waldstein's dance
Guests and Dresses. at Claridge's will give Sir Charles an opportunity of reconsidering his strictures on modern dress. A month or two ago he had the temerity to lecture on fashions before the



IN THE PARK: CAPTAIN HUNLOKE, MRS. DRUMMOND, AND LORD ORMONDE.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

over-skirts which were then being worn. Fashion changes so quickly that by the end of the month Sir Charles will probably be able to retrieve his position by showering compliments on a skirt that does not do the particular thing he detests. But in any case we do not understand or forgive his "hideously ugly," especially when we remember that his own contribution to the beauty of dress at a modern dance is nothing more than a white shirt and a black suit.

The Unavailing Bag. Countess Feodora Gleichen did not come to the rescue of the rather dull collection of sculpture at the Academy. Her



AFTER THEIR WEDDING: THE HON. RICHARD AND LADY BERYL STANHOPE.

The bride is the only daughter of the Earl of Clancarty, and was born in 1893. The groom is the only brother of Earl Stanhope, and was born in January 1885. The wedding took place in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the Bishop of London, the Rev. Lord Manners Hervey, and the Rev. F. Leith Boyd officiating. A reception was held by Lady Katharine Le Poer Trench, the bride's aunt, at 6, St. James's Square, lent by Lord and Lady Bristol.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



AIIDING THE WENNINGTON HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF AND DUMB: MRS. MCFARLANE COX, MISS HUTCHINSON, LADY AMY GORDON-LENNOX, MISS MARCIA MAXWELL-STUART, LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX, LADY MARCH, MRS. BEATHE SEAMAN, MRS. WINDSCHUEGHE.

The bazaar at Claridge's in aid of Wennington House, a home for aged and infirm deaf and dumb men, was opened last week by King Manuel and Queen Augusta-Victoria. Lady Amy and Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox are the daughters of the Earl of March, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Richmond. Their mother is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry A. Brassey, of Preston Hall, Aylesford.—[Photograph by C.N.]

paintings at the Goupil Gallery, but makes no revelations concerning modern men and women: all her "speaking" likenesses are of dogs and horses and other creatures that never look undressed. Countess Helena proves herself to be wonderfully at home with the models of her choice. She is a hunting-woman, but her collection of brushes is obviously not confined to the trophies of the chase. Countess Feodora and Countess Helena afford a rare instance of sisterly distinction in the arts, and of a strong community of tastes; but whether oil-paint or modelling-clay clings the more obstinately to the finger-nails is a point that will never be settled in the studio in St. James's Court.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Happiness on the Heights. Everybody knows that feeling of foolish, unreasoning happiness which we experience when we arrive at an altitude of some four or

five thousand feet. There is, indeed, nothing quite like it. The sudden possession of millions, in a low, damp, clayey site, would not give you that schoolboy's sense of exhilaration which you have when you get out of the mountain railway and breathe the rarefied air of the Alps. And there are physiological reasons for high spirits in high altitudes. Professor Roget, of the University of Geneva,

told us all about it at the Royal Society of Medicine the other day. The nipping air has a great effect upon the blood, multiplying the corpuscles. Then, the sunshine in the favoured spots to which we moderns hasten both in winter and summer is a notable factor in our well-being. Yet, strangely enough, these high places do not affect the natives in the same way they affect the visitors. No one can truthfully say that the Swiss mountaineers are a particularly cheerful or engaging race. Their sturdy independence is of the sullen and un-social variety. I have yet to meet a more cynical and depressing personage than the average lift-man at a Swiss hotel. Nor are the chambermaids of the "singing" genus which we associate with classic farce. They are doubtless well-educated young persons, but they are singularly sluggish and indifferent to your wants. I would sooner have the most modest *femme-de-chambre* in a French inn or the humblest London housemaid than one of these daughters of Helvetia. And as for some of the proprietors and managers of these vast Swiss caravanseras, they seem to develop into machines, to lose the human touch. Obviously, the exhilaration of the peaks, the change in the blood corpuscles, do not affect these functionaries as they do the traveller from the level of the sea.



A SIMPLE FROCK IN ONE OF THE NEW STRIPED TAFFETAS.

The colour-scheme is white and vivid blue on a black ground; the sash, tied in a loose knot at the back, is of vivid blue charmeuse.

heights. Unfortunately, there are only one or two slight eminences in London itself, such as Campden Hill, and St. John's Wood, for Hampstead, the Home of Culture, is really outside for social purposes. Yet the difference in atmosphere between Westminster and Marlborough Hill is very considerable. People who could not rest or sleep in beautiful Adelphi Terrace, with all the alluring vista of the Thames to gaze upon, rest tranquilly on the sylvan heights of St. John's Wood. Personally, I can feel a vast difference between the lower part of Mayfair—the vicinity of Berkeley Square—and that which verges on Oxford Street. If we must live on the heights to feel well, what are Londoners to do? There are Sydenham and Norwood and Streatham Hill, to be sure, but it would be a bold social explorer who would willingly exile himself to those admirable spots. Wimbledon Common is becoming, it is true, quite an annexe of Mayfair, for it is so high, dry, and salubrious, as well as eminently the fashion. Probably we torpid citizens would all be revolutionaries if London, like turbulent Johannesburg and "nervy" Mexico City, were placed at a level of five thousand feet above the sea. The "climate," as Mr. Fred Kaye used to assure us in "The Cingalee," makes all the

difference. Munich is a singularly light-hearted, artistic, and Bohemian capital. It lies on the Bavarian tableland some two thousand feet above sea-level. The only way for the average Londoner to get height and fresh air seems to be to inhabit the top rooms of the tallest buildings, and let in as much as possible of the fresh air of heaven.

The American Business Woman.

There is no country in which the business woman—mining expert, contractor, or whatever she may be—has such a fair field for her enterprise as in America. National gallantry forbids men to begrudge her success; and instead of putting spokes in her wheel and prejudicing people against this kind of feminine enterprise, as—unfortunately—old-fashioned men still do in England, every masculine hand seems stretched out to help her in her difficult career. I think the American woman is, like the Frenchwoman, eminently wise in not resigning certain feminine privileges, and; I may add, "arts." She invariably dresses well, and her Parisian frocks in an office add greatly to her prestige and authority. One reads of a female master-builder, in New York, who has in hand £200,000 worth of contracts, and who, attired in a plain little frock fresh from the Rue de la Paix, sits at her desk and receives a continuous stream of masculine persons bringing samples of new bricks, waterproofing, and all things appertaining to building. At a moment's notice she must make her decision, and her reply may involve the spending of enormous sums of money. Yet she always keeps placid, cool, and quiet. One of the most charming American women whom I am privileged to know is a successful mining expert (she started life as a lecturer on Greek at a boys' college), and what she does not know about copper-ore is not knowledge. Yet she is the most delicate, ethereal, and cultivated of women, and nothing can exceed the splendour and modishness of her evening gowns. The Transatlantic woman wisely keeps all her feminine attributes and allurements while competing with dingly clad men on their own ground.

The Female Philanderer.

In one of Miss May Sinclair's recent short stories there is an accomplished study of a feminine trifler, and I am not sure if the Miss Tarrants of this world do not effect more harm, directly and indirectly, than the masculine variety of philanderer. Beautiful young persons such as the one described in "Miss Tarrant's Temperament" somewhat resemble body-snatchers. They intend to use their ghastly trophies for scientific purposes, it is true, but the end by no means justifies the horrid deed. A man who has lost all faith in women is a more lamentable creature than a girl who has been hardly treated by a lover. Nature has ordained that Hope should spring eternal in the feminine breast, and women, on the whole, have a glorious capacity for forgetting which men may well envy.



A STRIKING EVENING GOWN.

The gown is carried out in primrose-coloured Ninon and royal blue charmeuse. The corsage is very simple, with a small frill heading the very deep sash of charmeuse, and a large blue flower tucked in at one side.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 27.

HEAVY SPECULATION.

THE most noticeable happening on the Stock Exchange during the last week was the removal of any immediate danger of a débâcle owing to the liquidation of the enormous speculative account of a large outside operator.

The existence of this weak account had become general knowledge early in the week, and naturally had a serious effect on the prices of the stocks concerned, the most important of which was Grand Trunk Ordinary. Various sums are mentioned as the extent of the commitments in this one stock, and we have heard several figures between one and three-and-a-half millions sterling. At all events, the figures are considered large enough to lend colour to the story that the account formed part, at any rate, of an attempt to obtain control; but against this theory is the fact that the Debenture-holders have so large a voting power that it would be almost impossible to obtain control through the Ordinary stock.

The names of the firms who have jointly taken over this account made it quite clear that the stock will not be forced on to the market, and when the news was known a very general feeling of relief was apparent.

Although the immediate danger has thus been removed, we fear that the effects will linger for a long time. The stock has not yet found a permanent home, and until it has done so it will always be a source of weakness. That the worst has been avoided, however, is something to be thankful for.

This affair naturally gave rise to a host of other rumours, but these happily turned out to be false—or at any rate, exaggerated—and, when pay-day came, it passed off without the sound of the hammer being heard.

MEXICAN RAILWAY AFFAIRS.

Mr. Vincent Yorke's speech at the Mexican Railway meeting was not exactly inspiring, but we do not think anyone imagined that there were many cheerful factors in the situation. The only favourable point is the slight rise in the exchange during the last few days, but, unfortunately, this does not mean very much, the quotation being merely nominal, and, as Mr. Yorke pointed out, it is difficult to see how it can really recover until political conditions undergo a great change for the better. The average rate at which the net revenue was remitted during the half-year was only 17·7d. as compared with 24·2d. which has ruled during the last few years. The Company have applied for permission to increase their freight rates, but under existing conditions this is hardly likely to be granted in the near future.

Altogether, Mr. Yorke did not add very much to the information already available from the report, but he stated very clearly that he viewed the possibility of war between the United States and Mexico with grave alarm, and considered that such a war might well last for many years.

Cables from Mexico continue to be somewhat conflicting, and it is most difficult to get at the actual facts of the situation. It is significant, however, that the insurance at Lloyd's of property or goods in Mexico City is almost unprocureable. Underwriters are generally willing to make a price for any risk, and so it is clear that they do not like the outlook.

BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON COMPANY.

The net profit of £68,400 earned by this Company for 1913 compares with £30,999 for 1912, and thus shows a marked improvement; but the directors have considered it necessary to appropriate £64,100 against depreciation and reserves, which leaves the carry-forward at £12,900, as compared with £8600 brought over from 1912.

This Company, which is controlled by the General Electric Company of New York, is not a very profitable concern, and the large board of directors cannot, we imagine, feel very proud of the results of their labours. It seems a pity that they cannot come to some arrangement with other firms in the same business to reduce the inordinate competition which exists at present.

It is true that the earnings last year amounted to about four times the sum required to meet the Preference dividend—which, by the way, is in arrears since 1904—but the balance-sheet is in such a lamentable condition that we fail entirely to see any grounds for anticipating a resumption of dividends for a long time ahead.

The Company's capital consists of £800,000 in shares and £186,000 4½ per cent. Debentures, which are being slowly redeemed. These latter are quoted at 93, and we cannot help feeling that there are many more attractive investments at the price.

The Company owes a tremendous lot of money to the General Electric Company, and further sums to other people, while the actual value of many of the shares received in payment of contracts is, to say the least, problematical, and we doubt whether depreciation has received its full meed of attention.

Mazda lamps may be a great boon to the public, but their production appears to be of very little benefit to the shareholders.

CANADIAN RAILWAY FINANCE.

A week or two back we expressed the view that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann had been squeezed pretty hard by the Canadian Government over the guarantee on the new Canadian Northern Railway Bonds. It seems, however, that the Liberals over there take quite the opposite view, and even suggest that these gentlemen have attempted to intimidate the Government!

Sir Wilfred Laurier declared that this Railway had already been granted aid by various provinces and municipalities amounting to over 280,000,000 dollars.

Whatever may be the outcome of the opposition, however, we fear it will do little towards improving the general position of Canadian railways. It seems almost certain that it will embarrass Mr. Smither, Chairman of the Grand Trunk Company, who is now on his way to Canada with a view to arranging with the Government the details of certain fresh financing. This Railway requires somewhere about five millions of money in the near future, and without the Government's assistance it is difficult to see how it can be obtained, especially as it is not likely to be the end of its requirements. If the Liberals get their way, the assistance will be granted only on pretty onerous terms.

NORTH CAUCASIAN OIL FIELDS REPORT.

The report of this Company for 1913 is, as we anticipated, fully up to the highest expectations, the net profits amounting to £249,200 against £49,900 for the previous year.

During the past year the bulk of the Debenture-holders have exercised their option to convert, with the result that the dividend of 25 per cent. absorbs a great part of this sum. The directors, however, have placed £77,400 to depreciation reserve, and there remains to be carried forward £7,600.

The output of crude oil showed a very large increase to 8,517,400 poods, and the average price received was also better; while we have little doubt that the influence of the Shell group is also largely responsible for the improvement in the Company's fortunes.

The report is not, perhaps, very explicit, but more information may be afforded the shareholders at the meeting, and, in any case, past experience of the methods of the Shell group causes us to feel pretty sure that the figures do not make the position out to be better than it really is!

The future we regard hopefully, especially in view of the large increase in production, which amounted to 5,500,000 poods during the first three months of the current year. We shall be surprised if the shares fail eventually to touch 50s.

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

Financial conditions in Brazil are no doubt responsible for the fall in the price of the 5 per cent. Two-Year Treasury Notes of the State of San Paulo, which were issued at 97 in January last, and can now be purchased at 96½. The Notes are thoroughly well secured, and the credit of the great coffee-producing State of San Paulo stands deservedly very high. The Notes are to be redeemed at par on Jan. 1, 1916, or previously on giving six months' notice. The Notes thus offer a very attractive yield, and, as far as we can see, the only disadvantage attached to them is that an investor is almost certain to be disappointed when he tries to find an equally advantageous security in which to re-invest his money in 1916.

Another sound investment—although, of course, in a somewhat different class—is afforded by the Preference shares of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Electric Supply Company. This concern has a very good record of continually expanding earnings, and last year the Ordinary shares received 5½ per cent., and the total amount available for both classes of shares was £80,000. As the dividend on the 5 per cent. Preference calls for only £34,000, it is thoroughly well secured, and the shares are, we consider, undervalued at their present price of 4½, the yield on this basis being about 5½ per cent.

The recent activity in the shares of the Algerian Oilfields, and the knowledge that the London Oil Syndicate have come to an agreement with an important group for the exploitation of their fields, have drawn a good deal of attention to the possibilities of North Africa as a future oilfield. Without in any way wishing to decry the possibilities of the future, we should like to suggest a fair measure of caution until very much more definite information is available than we have at present.

In spite of the reduction of the dividend on British Broken Hill Proprietary shares, we are inclined to think that the prospects warrant holding on. The Company had various difficulties to contend with last year, including delays in the instalment of the new plant and a failure of the water-supply for about a fortnight. It is confidently expected, however, that the whole of the alterations will be completed by the end of June. The engineers estimate over a million tons of ore-reserves, and developments in Block 15 are

[Continued on page 22]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Gala Night. Although by the time this is ready for reading the Gala at the Opera will have become a back number, yet it lingers in the mind of those of us who were there as something that stands out in beauty and in brilliance and interest from all other entertainments. It is one of those occasions when we realise the stateliness and dignity of our Court with a true democratic relish. The democracy loves its royalty and its aristocracy with a deep-down, ineradicable love, born of the charm of contrast felt with the power of a really imaginative people. The dead level of entertaining in America would

bore us to distraction; it does Americans, or they would never have freak parties. Paris went wild over our King and Queen's visit there; they also have imagination, and democratic delight in stateliness and dignity. It was beautiful to see even from a distance the three State processions up the stairway of the Opera House. Queen Alexandra first, a lady royal to look at, gracious and graceful, and assuredly well beloved; the great Officers of State moving backwards before her, stopping as she stopped to shake hands with the directors and manager of the Opera, and then going upstairs backwards, erect, holding their wands as if they were presenting arms, and never making a wrong step: our own King and Queen, entering to the sound of presented arms and the National Anthem, and with them the Prince of Wales: lastly, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Danish National Anthem being played the while. It does not seem much written of in cold blood, but it was all very gratifying to our pride in our Royal State, and long may we feel it so!

For Holiday Time. With Whit-sun-tide coming and many preparing for earlier holidays than usual, our preparations for them are occupying most of our spare thoughts. What to do about our belongings is a very important question. There is no such practical way of solving it as by a visit to John Pound and Co., either at their chief West-End show-rooms, 268-270, Oxford Street; their new branch, 187, Regent Street, to which they are moving from 211, Regent Street; 67, Piccadilly; 177-8, Tottenham Court Road; 243, Brompton Road; or their City show-rooms and head office, 81-84, Leadenhall Street. Their new drawer-trunk is a revelation of convenience, lightness, and strength. It contains three drawers, with space under the lower one, and in the size 36 by 21½ by 21 it costs only £2 17s. 6d. It is made in the firm's own factories, of three-ply veneer covered with the best brown painted flax canvas, and with two double-action lever locks. The advantage of such a trunk will be readily realised by those who have



ENGAGED TO THE REV. WALTER PELHAM: MISS RUTH LEATHAM.

Miss Leatham is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Claude Leatham, D.L., and Mrs Leatham, of Wentbridge, Pontefract. The Rev. Walter Pelham, who is Curate of Christ Church, Croydon, is the only son of the Hon. T. H. W. Pelham, and a grandson of the third Earl of Chichester.

Photograph by Rosemont.

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been put in small rooms without wardrobes or who are touring. For a member of our sex a visiting-case of compressed fibre is a most useful thing. It is covered with brown-painted flax canvas, and has a nickel-steel frame and two double-action locks. The latest ideas in conveniences for travellers can be seen at these establishments, not alone in trunks, but in every other way.

The Home Decorative. We are all in springlike mood, and have the desire to look as fresh and bright indoors as

Nature does out. The careful housewife's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of walls and doors. Happily, the way to make them fresh and pretty is easy. Hall's Distemper, known all over the wide world, is nowhere so keenly appreciated as in the English home. It can be had in all the loveliest and newest shades, it is non-poisonous, does not fade in a bright light, can be washed with soap-and-water, may be scrubbed if desired, and is quite easily applied, while a gallon will cover ninety square yards. A new thing by the same firm is Sissons Oil Flat, which can be cleaned and washed many and many a time. It is as artistic as Hall's Distemper, and is oil-bound. Nowadays

painted walls have not the vogue they used to have. Their insanitary character is realised; and the more restful and harmonious effect, as well as the lasting properties of Sissons Oil Flat and Hall's Distemper, make them the favourite decorations for the home. A booklet issued by Sissons Brothers and Co., 199B, Borough High Street, S.E., gives many excellent ideas on the use of this decorative, lasting, and sanitary paint. It will be sent on application.

A DÉBUTANTE OF THE SEASON: THE HON. CLARISSA TENNANT.

Miss Clarissa Tenant, one of the most notable débutantes of the season, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner, and a niece of Mrs. Asquith. She is eighteen this year.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN W. L. C. KIRBY TO - MORROW (THE 21ST): MISS MONRO WALKER.

Miss Monro Walker is the eldest daughter of Mr. J. Monro Walker, of Pell Wall Hall, Market Drayton, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bt. Captain Kirby is in the 12th Royal Lancers.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

In making a present, there is nothing nicer than old and beautiful things which are hard to come by and which have a history. Debenham and Freebody make a delightful practice of collecting just such things, so that anyone desiring a gift secure of appreciation goes to their antique-galleries and there finds hundreds to select from. It may be a lace sampler dated 1652 in a tortoiseshell frame, the name of the worker introduced into lace so rare that year by year it becomes more valuable. It may be a piece of superb old Sicilian embroidery which has been an altar frontal, in rich colouring and gold thread; it may be a Stuart casket, or a pair of embroidered Queen Anne shoes, or some pieces of old



OLD FRIENDS: EARL WINTERTON AND HIS THIRTY-YEAR-OLD PONY, BELIEVED TO BE THE LAST ANIMAL ALIVE THAT HUNTED WITH THE GOODWOOD.

The pony was bought for Lord Winterton when he was six, in 1889; and was then five years old. He hunted it first when he was seven and rode it regularly with Lord Leconfield's and the Goodwood Hounds. The latter pack was dispersed in 1895. The old pony does no work now, but is living out the evening of his days at his ease. "I have hunted a good many ponies and horses since," Lord Winterton says, "but never a stouter-hearted animal than this. He formerly used to follow me into the house, and can still do various tricks."—[Photograph by C.N.]

furniture, or old glass, or old jewellery. In every case the things have been chosen by an expert. There is no fear of repetition of such gifts, and there is a charming sentiment about them and a restful, quiet decorativeness not possible with modern gifts. Also, the prices are strictly moderate.

Continued from page 222.]
satisfactory. If all goes well, therefore, we imagine profits will shortly be again on the up-grade.

Conditions in the Silver Market are exceedingly interesting just at present, and it seems rather surprising that the metal is not higher in view of the Mexican trouble. It is certain that no further supplies can be expected from that country for some time to come, and as about 35 per cent. of the world's total output is derived from Mexican mines, a continuance of the present trouble appears certain to affect the price of the metal.

A reduction of over 1s. 2d. per lb. in the "all in" cost of production of rubber is a pretty good drop, and Merlimeau shareholders must have been agreeably surprised by the difference. We imagine last year's figure of 1s. 6d. per lb. can be still further reduced, so the Company's profits for 1914 should show an improvement—provided, of course, that the estimate of 750,000 lb. is achieved and that rubber averages over 2s. 3d. per lb.

Some of the remarks in the report of the General Mining and Finance Corporation are worth the attention of both the Government and the Labour leaders in South Africa. The growing dependence of the Rand upon low-grade ore must seriously affect the respective positions of capital and labour. As long as there is a large margin between the value of the gold in a ton of ore and the cost of extracting it, so long will it be possible for both labour and the Government to squeeze the owners; but when that margin is low the latter are in a position to say, and to prove, that there is a very definite limit to the demands which can be forced upon them.

Saturday, May 16, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

POLE.—(1) is good; the remainder only fair; and if you care to tell us exactly what return you expect, we would suggest alternatives.

H.—We think you should hold for a considerable recovery. The others are hardly sound investments at present, but the loss is so heavy that we advise holding.

CITY.—(1) We consider them quite a fair speculation. (2) When the Stock Exchange Committee are satisfied on certain points, they grant a quotation, if applied for. (3) Yes.

FUTURIST.—There are no certainties when speculating on the Stock Exchange—at least, not for outsiders—any more than there are among Derby favourites.

N. N.—You do not give us enough information as to your requirements or your position. "One man's meat is another man's poison." Are you content with 5 per cent.?

S. S. A.—Your list is not a very good one; in fact, it's a very poor one, but it hardly seems worth selling while markets are so depressed. You should sell (1) as soon as you see your money back or nearly so. (2) We do not expect a dividend for years and years, but they will rise in active markets. (3) Sell when you get a fair chance. (4) A pure speculation. (5) You must hold on in the hope of a miracle!

GEORGE.—We have replied through the post, as requested.

WESTERN.—Completing our reply of last week, we think you would do well to take the next favourable opportunity to realise (4).

SIMPLETON (Jersey).—You will have received the Company's report. The output is increasing, and we believe the estate to be first-class, but funds are very short. We are writing to you on the subject.

METERS, LTD.—After providing for Debenture interest, and including £2464 brought forward, the accounts to be submitted on May 22 show a net profit of £28,825. The directors recommend a further dividend of 5 per cent., making 7 per cent. for the year ended March 31, and the transfer of £8000 to the reserve fund, bringing that item up to £100,000, leaving £2828 to be carried forward. For each of the three preceding years 6½ per cent. was paid.

At a meeting of the directors of the British Automatic Company, Ltd., held on May 12, the Board declared an interim dividend of 7d. per share, less income tax, in respect of the half-year ending March 31, 1914, payable May 30, 1914, to shareholders registered on the books of the Company on May 16. The transfer-books will be closed from May 18 to 30, both dates inclusive.

Of great interest to business houses trading with Asia and Africa is the new scheme for a School of Oriental Studies attached to the University of London, to enable men who go out on private or public business to understand native conditions better and dispense with interpreters. Hitherto London has lagged behind Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg in this matter. The King has consented to become patron of the scheme, and the Government has promised some £20,000 to £25,000 for adapting the buildings of the London Institution for the purpose, with a grant of £4000 a year towards the required income of £14,000. A strong Committee, including the Lord Mayor, Lord Cromer, and Lord Curzon, is appealing for subscriptions towards an Endowment Fund.

The Combination De Luxe

THE maximum of car-comfort is at once certain in a Connaught Motor Body built on a Siddeley-Deasy chassis. The many exclusive features of Connaught Coach-work together with its distinctive appearance, luxury and economy make it the outstanding feature of 1914 in the motor world.

A visit to our Showrooms and an inspection of our Connaught Carriage work on various chassis will interest you, or write for our attractive book "Luxury with Economy."

CONNAUGHT
The Motor Body Luxurious

The CONNAUGHT MOTOR & CARRIAGE Co., Ltd., 121-122, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Belsize



15.9 Landaulette £450

Look at one moving along the street—notice the graceful lines, the superb finish, the perfection of the springing: and to confirm your good opinion of it ask any Belsize owner what kind of satisfaction his car is giving him.

It is a significant fact that a man who once possesses a Belsize will never give any other car his consideration.

Birmingham:
203, Corporation Street.

London:
J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.
Belsize London Agency, Ltd.,
Dean's Yard, Cavendish Square, W.

May we send you our new car list?

BELSIZE MOTORS LTD.,
CLAYTON, Nr. MANCHESTER

SHEFFIELD SIMPLEX

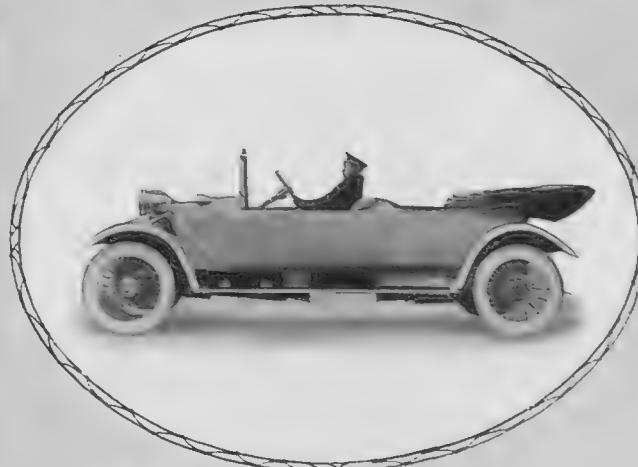
Equipment.

THE fully equipped Sheffield-Simplex Chassis possesses every modern and essential feature. The list price of Chassis only is £695. With complete equipment—value £230—the price is £885, which shows, on equipment alone, a saving of £40. Every feature is specially designed and fitted as an integral part of the chassis in full working order.

Complete U.S.L. Electric Self-Starting and Lighting Outfit, which takes the place of the flywheel and generates all the electricity required to completely light the car, also start the engine. **Complete Streamline Scuttle Dash**, with instrument board for mounting starting switch, Speedometer, Clock, Gauges, Pump, and all instruments; also fitted with 2 Ventilators and combined Wind Screen and Lamp Irons. 5 Rudge-Whitworth Wire Wheels (1 spare), 2 Head Lamps (Electric) 12 volts 50 c.p. Nickel finish 2 Side Lamps do 12 volts 8 c.p. do 1 Tail Lamp do 12 volts 6 c.p. do. 1 Inspection Lamp with flex 12 volts. Patent Lamp Brackets, single stem. 1 Electric Horn, 12 volts. 1 Special Speed Indicator, nickel finish 1 Eight-day Clock. 935 x 135 Plain Tread and Steel-studded Tyres. Jack and Pump. Battery in metal battery box. Metal Tool Box. Complete Tool Kit, Spare Parts and Number Plates (rear plate illuminated).

30 h.p. 6-cylinder chassis - - - £695.
30 h.p. 6-cylinder chassis, complete, £885.

SHEFFIELD - SIMPLEX MOTOR WORKS, LTD.,
20, Conduit Street, Bond Street, London, W.
Telephones: 6210 and 6211 Mayfair. Telegrams: "Shefflex, London."
Works: Tinsley, Sheffield.



THE Lanchester is designed for the lover of comfort and luxury. It is a car in which the ease and well-being of the owner and his friends is a first consideration.

The spacious body, wide entrance doors and roomy accommodation, which result from the engine position of the Lanchester, have made it the most fashionable car in the world.

Lanchester

BIRMINGHAM : LONDON : MANCHESTER :
Armourer Mills, 95, New Bond Street, 88, Deansgate.

Always have Old Bushmills in your home. You will appreciate its superb mellow flavour, and so will your friends. It is the favourite with guests and host alike, no matter when or where. It is pure and wholesome, and the quality is always the same—The Best. It is the Connoisseur's Choice. Taste it, and it will be your choice too.

Of all Wine Merchants. Address of nearest Agent sent on application.
"Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd., 20, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

66
OLD BUSHMILLS
WHISKEY
D.A.A.

THE "PEARL"
TOILET SERVICE.



A beautiful representation of Mother of Pearl, with a perfect lustre and rich All-Gold Handles.

Single Set..... 5 Pieces 21/-
Double Set..... 9 Pieces 42/6

A China Trinket Set, charming shapes and decorated to match, 10 pieces, 11/6

A visit to our Spacious Showrooms is cordially invited. If unable to call, write for our illustrated Leaflets.

ALFRED B. PEARCE & CO.
ONLY ADDRESS 39. LUDGATE HILL LONDON. E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1760



Travelling Trunks



24 in. 16/6

Other sizes. 27 in. ... 18/9 30 in. ... 20/- 33 in. ... 22/6 36 in. ... 24/9



30 in. 30/-

Other sizes. 32 in. ... 32/- 34 in. ... 33/9 36 in. ... 35/6 38 in. ... 37/-
Imperial Size. 30 in. ... 35/- 34 in. ... 39/- 36 in. ... 42/- 38 in. ... 45/-

Other Trunks may look the same as the "Gotto" Brand, but they do not carry the "Gotto" guarantee that the foundations are as good as the coverings.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Cabin and Dress Trunks, Week-End Cases, Hide, Kit, and Gladstone Bags, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, etc., sent Post Free on application.

Every "Gotto" Trunk bears a registered number, and is guaranteed. Delivered Carriage Paid anywhere in the United Kingdom, or specially wrapped for Export and F.O.B. at any port in Great Britain.

Parkins & Gotto Limited
96, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

A NEST FOR REST

This luxurious Easy Chair can be instantly changed into a semi or full length Lounge or Couch. Simply press the button and the back will decline, or automatically rise. Release the button and the back is locked.

The arms are hinged and Leg Rest is adjustable

open outwards, affording easy access and exit. The and when not in use slides under the seat.

The upholstery is exceptionally soft and deep, with spring elastic edges, affording supreme comfort and rest.

The only Chair that combines these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted.

Catalogue "C 13" of Adjustable Chairs Free.

J. FOOT & SON
Ltd.
(Dept. C 13),
171, NEW BOND ST.,
LONDON, W.



The "BURLINGTON."

(Patented.)

FOOT'S PATENT "EUREKA" TRUNKS

NO CRUSHING.

NO CONFUSION.

The bottom is as accessible as the top. Any article can be instantly removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. Ensures perfect order and economises space. No heavy trays to lift. Made in six sizes, with 2, 3, or 4 drawers, which can be divided to suit customers' requirements.

Write for Booklet,
"Trunks for Travellers," No. 13,
Sole Makers—
J. FOOT & SON, LTD.
(Dept. T 13),
171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.





TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA,

THE TO CLEANLINESS!

FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD
USES, BRIGHTENS EVERYTHING
IT TOUCHES!

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET PURPOSES. SPLENDID CLEANSER FOR THE HAIR.

REMOVES STAINS AND GREASE SPOTS FROM CLOTHING.

REFRESHING AS A TURKISH BATH. RESTORES THE COLOUR TO CARPETS.

CLEANS PLATE, JEWELLERY, SPONGES, ETC. ETC.

ALLAYS THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MOSQUITO BITES.

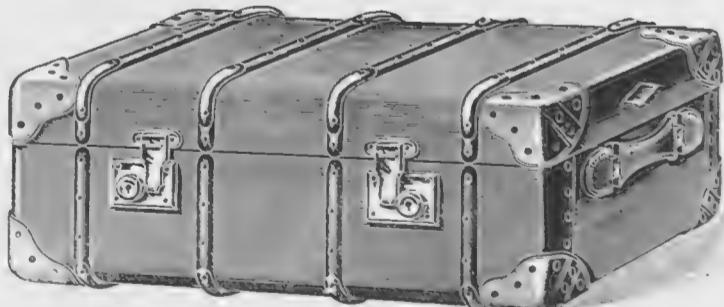


AVOID INJURIOUS SUBSTITUTES.



John Pound & Co.

Actual Makers
OF
Travelling Requisites
IN
LEATHER, CANE, & FIBRE



The "PREMIER" Brand.

Best **Compressed CANE**, covered with Painted Flax Canvas, fitted with 8 **Solid Leather** Corners, 2 Brass Sliding Locks, Hardwood Hoops, and Tray
30 in., 55/- 32 in., 60/- 34 in., 65/- 36 in., 70/-

Best **Compressed FIBRE**, description as above.
30 in., 40/6 32 in., 44/6 34 in., 48.6 36 in., 52/6

Sizes above 34 in. are fitted with 4 Hoops and 2 Locks.

268-270, OXFORD STREET, W.
187, Regent Street, W. 67, Piccadilly, W.
177-178, Tottenham Court Rd., W. 243, Brompton Rd., S.W.
81-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

No. B 131. Finest **Solid Leather** Steamer Trunk, 8 Capped Corners, Leather Ledges. Best Lock and Tray.

30 x 20 x 14 33 x 22 x 14 36 x 24 x 14
£8 15 0 £9 15 0 £10 15 0

All smart women wear French Shoes

Raoul Parisian Footwear is the daintiest and the most widely favoured. As it is impossible to realise the wonderful variety and beauty of the new season's models except by visiting our showrooms, we cordially invite ladies to do so.

Write for New French List No. 4



"Cleopatra."

Evening Shoe. A triumph of artistic workmanship. Undoubtedly the leading shoe of the year for fashionable wear. The back and the vamp are in beautiful brocade; the heel and the straps of kid are in gold, silver and other metal hues. The strap design is quite new, and takes the place of the upper at the instep.



Golf Shoe.

Designed for extra comfort and adaptability to the player's game. Short Vamp. Strongly made. In Russia Calf, Black Box Calf or White Buckskin from 25/- to 32/-.



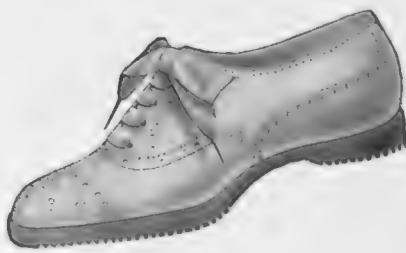
An Elegant Lacing Boot.

Unmistakably new in style. The fashionable note in the short vamp is accentuated. No toe-cap. Obtainable with patent vamp and cloth uppers, in several colours. From 25/- to 35/-. Also in White Buckskin.



"Chrysis."

Strikingly original strap shoe for evening wear. Fashionable square toe and short vamp. Brocade in various beautiful colour schemes.



Tennis Shoe.

Fashionable Short Vamp. Perfectly modelled for comfort and ease in play. A handsome and durable shoe. Price 16/6 to 19/6. Canvas, 9/6.

Write for New French List No. 4.

THE RAOUL SHOE CO. of PARIS, 195 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W

Champions for
long-distance driving :

DUNLOP
TYRES AND "V"
GOLF BALLS.

WOODHALL SPA
GOLF COURSE.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.
FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC
TYRE INDUSTRY.

Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent St.,
London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll,
Berlin, S.W.; 13, Alexandrinestrasse, 110.



First Club Man: "WHY IS 'JOHNNIE WALKER' NOT A CONUNDRUM?"

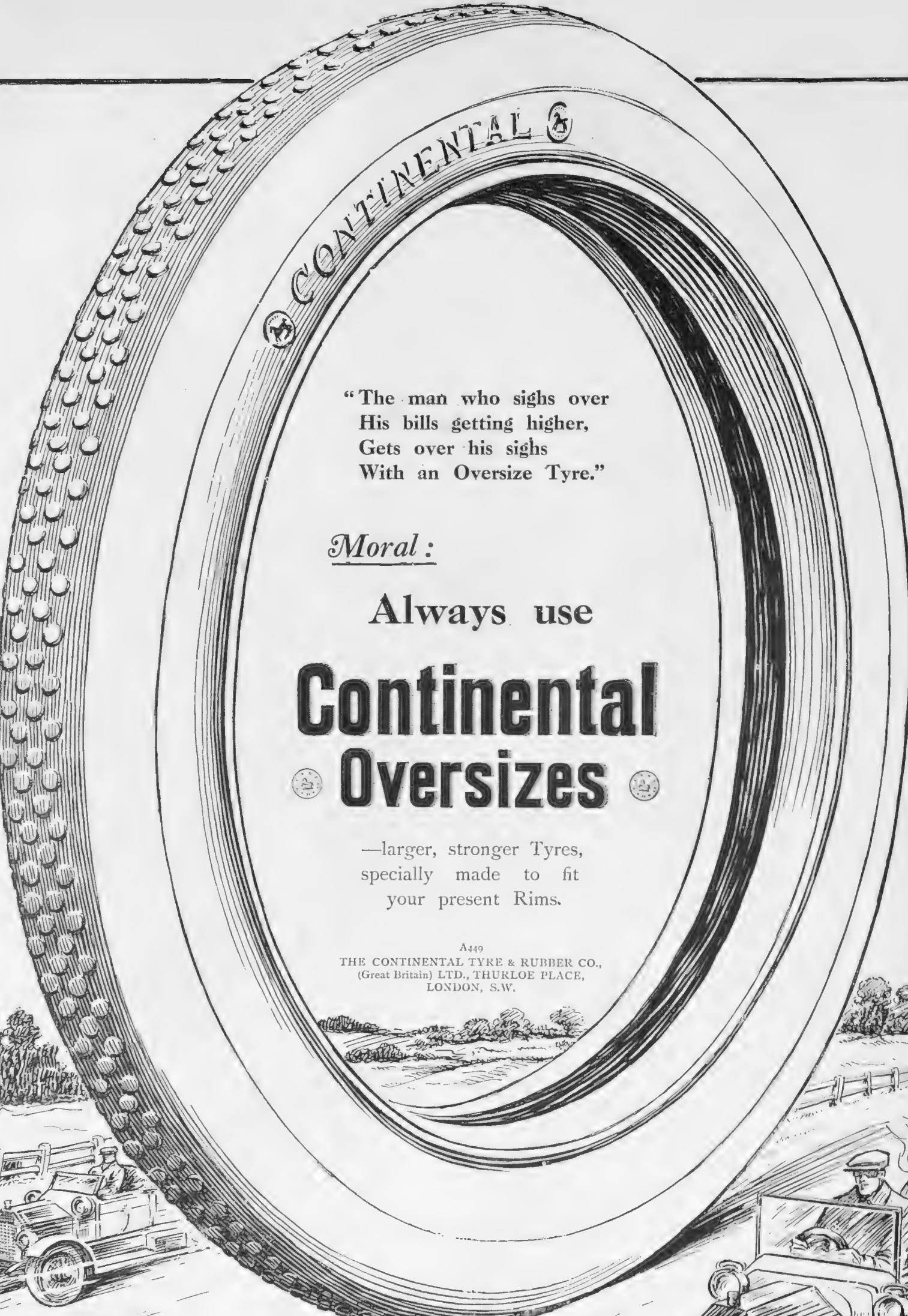
Second Club Man: "BECAUSE ONE NEVER NEEDS TO GIVE IT UP."

It is a conundrum why any man of taste should thoughtlessly ask for "whisky" instead of stipulating "Johnnie Walker." It is just as easy to say "Johnnie Walker" as to say "whisky," and much safer as it ensures getting a perfectly blended and matured "whisky."

Every drop of 'Johnnie Walker' Black Label is over 12 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.



CONTINENTAL

"The man who sighs over
His bills getting higher,
Gets over his sighs
With an Oversize Tyre."

Moral:

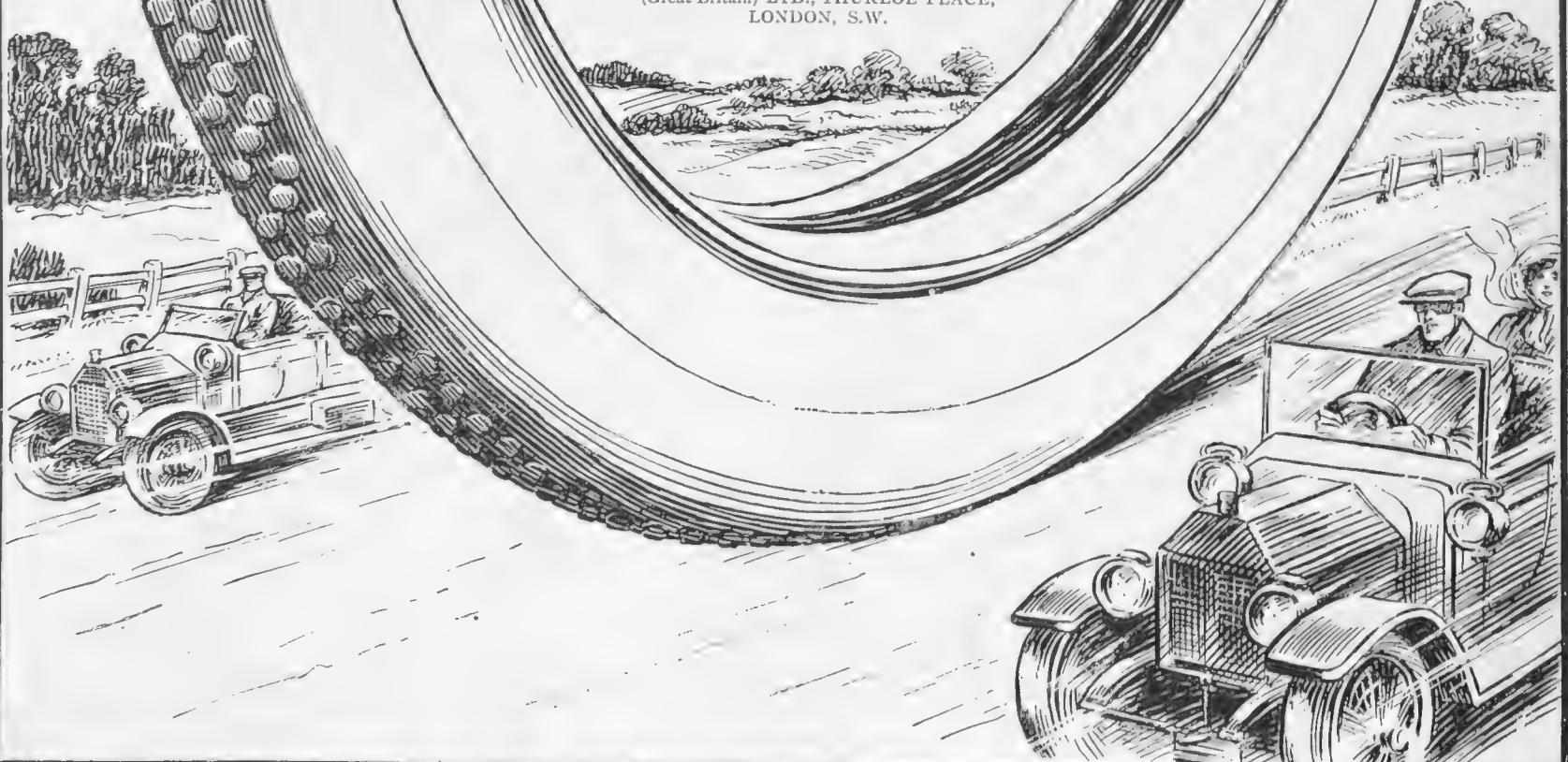
Always use

Continental Oversizes

—larger, stronger Tyres,
specially made to fit
your present Rims.

A449

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO.,
(Great Britain) LTD., THURLOE PLACE,
LONDON, S.W.



COMMUNITY PLATE



"Just what we want to harmonize with the dining-room."

COMMUNITY PLATE has, first, pure silver, four times as thick as ordinary electro-plate, deposited upon a nickel silver "backbone," and then another additional similar layer of pure silver at the wearing parts, making them octuple plate.

To be had in canteens containing everything for six people or twelve people. Or separate table-spoons and dinner forks 33/6 per doz. Other items accordingly. On exhibition at the best shops—a list of which will be sent on application.

Oneida Community Ltd. Estd 1848 Diamond House, Hatton Garden, E.C.

GUARANTEED for 50 YEARS



£270,
With Full Accessories.



VERY beautiful 10 h.p. HUMBER car is built of first quality material and carries the most modern of trouble-saving refinements.

Fitted with Electric Lamps, Detachable Steel Wheels, Dunlop Tyres, 4-Seater Ventilated Body, Acetylene Headlights, Spare Wheel and Tyre, &c.

HUMBER, LTD., COVENTRY.
LONDON: Holborn Circus, E.C.; and 60-64,
Brompton Road, S.W. SOUTHAMPTON: 27,
London Road. AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Humber

Ripolin Paint

It pays better to paint once with the best paint, than several times with inferior paint.

Ripolin Paint goes farther, lasts longer, and gives a better finish than any other paint.

Ripolin Paint is the best paint for interiors, exteriors of buildings, motors, and machinery of all kinds, boats, ships, in fact for every purpose Ripolin is the best paint.

Requires No Varnish.

Shade Card and particulars
on application to

Ripolin, Ltd.,
35, Minories, London.



Coachwork

the most expensive, but the best in the world

THE question of price is really secondary to one's own personal satisfaction. A thoroughly beautiful carriage, distinguished by the finest of workmanship and considered taste does its owner credit and gives him lasting pleasure. That it costs more to obtain this work goes without saying, yet Van den Plas bodies are in increasing request everywhere. If you want the very best bodywork on your car, have it built by Van den Plas.

VAN DEN PLAS

GUARANTEE: As Van den Plas bodies are constructed with the most scrupulous care, we guarantee every one to be free of defects in workmanship and material.

REPAIRS and OVERHAULING: If you have a Van den Plas Body requiring attention, our department for dealing with this work is most advantageously placed to give you entire satisfaction.

VAN DEN PLAS
Two-Seater Body,
on Rolls-Royce Chassis.

Our finely illustrated Catalogue is sent free on request. Write for it.



VAN DEN PLAS (England), LTD., 162 & 163, Grosvenor Rd., Westminster, London, S.W.
Telegrams: "Vigilancy, Churton, London." Telephone: Gerrard 1318.

The appropriate effect is always obtainable with **HALL'S Distemper.**

And you can arrange for it in the comfort of your home. We cheerfully send shade card on request, with a beautiful booklet specially prepared to give practical help in the usually difficult task of arranging the decoration of different rooms.

You can have dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, bedrooms, kitchens, etc., decorated in beautiful lasting effects with Hall's—all in perfect good taste, because

Hall's Distemper

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

will bring the walls in harmony with furniture and pictures.

Sir Charles Cameron, says :

"The advantages of using a paint which contains an effective Microbe destroyer are obvious. A distinct advantage is the readiness with which it may be cleaned without injuring it. I hope that the demand for Hall's Sanitary Washable Distemper may be equal to its undoubted merits."

The effects obtained whether in rich deep colourings or light delicate tints, are as largely due to the purity of colours used as to the soft velvety finish which Hall's Distemper gives.

No other decorative material offers so wide or so varied a range of colourings as the 70 shades in Hall's Distemper is made, and special shades can be matched to the order of any firm of decorators.

Hall's Distemper walls retain their freshness indefinitely—long after wallpapers have faded and become dirty.

SISSONS BROTHERS & COMPANY, LIMITED, HULL.

Liverpool: 21, Cheapside.

Reading: 6, Gun Street.

Glasgow: 113, Bath Street.

London Office: 199B Borough High Street, S.E.

Manchester: Sandywell Works, Greengate.



PICTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT is unlikely that anyone who visits Burlington House and, having purchased a catalogue, makes a tour of inspection, has an equal interest in all the subjects portrayed by the painter. He will have a *penchant* for portraits, a liking for landscape, for drapery or classic episode. In this instance, it is proposed to glance at those pictures which show how the subjects of the portraits have garbed themselves for the sitting.

Beginning with Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Henry James, which, incidentally, is one of the portraits which have been maltreated by the Wild Women, it may be observed that the great author is wearing what may be a lounge coat, or possibly one of the morning coat-tail variety, one cannot tell from the painting. The well-rolled collar and the wide lapels, however, are of a dignified character, and have anticipated present-day fashion. The same substantial note is sounded in the fancy waistcoat, surmounted by a wing collar and a dark-hued bow-tie.

In Mr. Cope's portrait of Lord Haldane, the three-quarter length enables us to discover that he is wearing a morning coat. He, also, has the wing collar and the bow-tie. His walking-stick firmly grasped and the silk hat lightly held in his left hand, completes a good composition and an altogether pleasing sartorial effect. In the portrait of Lord Cheylesmore, by Mr. Llewellyn, we revert to the dignity of the white slip to the waistcoat and the dark tandem tie.

There is a strong portrait of Mr. John Burns, painted by Mr. Harold Speed for the National Liberal Club, which, having an open-air setting, leaves Mr. Burns in his overcoat, which gives one a glimpse of the turn-down-all-round collar and tandem tie; and a somewhat similar collar and tie characterises Mr. Hall Neale's portrait of Sir Thomas Sutherland. The morning coat, foulard tie and winged collar enhance the business-like appearance of Sir Alfred Mond, as seen by the painter, Mr. Oswald Birley, whilst the possibly jaded eye is refreshed in the portrait of Mr. George A. Macmillan, by H. de T. Glazebrook, by a low-cut, white double-breasted fancy vest, surmounted by a boldly winged collar and a well-tied foulard bow.

It is natural for once to look at the Academy from this point of view, for the present writer has just left Gieve's, of 65, South Molton Street, W., the best tailor and outfitter in the West End. In visiting the delightful building, within a few steps of Bond Street, belonging to Gieve, Matthews and Seagrove, Ltd., one comes away with the knowledge that one may be comfortably and well apparellled without fear of eventually receiving anything in the nature of an overwhelming account, for everything at Gieve's is priced in the most moderate way. At Gieve's one can obtain anything, from a suit of clothes or a steamer-trunk to zephyr-like underwear or a collar-stud, without leaving the premises. It is a great deal to know that you are correctly attired without committing yourself to anything above the lowest possible cost at which the best goods can be supplied. It has become axiomatic amongst well-groomed men that the best advice you can give or take is—Go to Gieve's.

Gieve, Matthews and Seagrove, Ltd.,
65, South Molton Street, W.

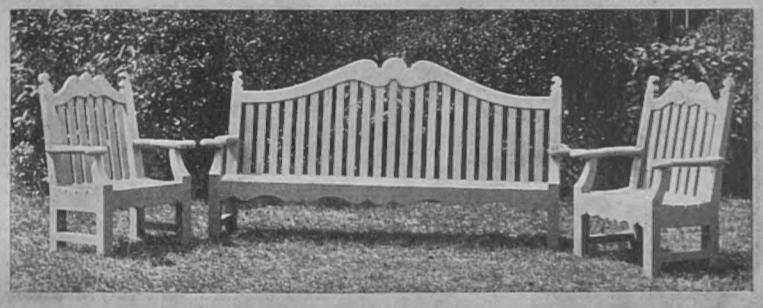


OLD ENGLISH GARDEN SEATS

THESE Garden Seats are designed after the famous Old English styles and are manufactured from the best materials and by expert craftsmen. Please write for illustrated catalogue containing nearly one hundred different designs of Garden Seats, Chairs, and Tables.

JOHN P. WHITE & SONS, Ltd.,
THE PYGHTLE WORKS, BEDFORD.

Showrooms:
123, NEW BOND STREET, W.



A Unique Collar

THE CASTLE COLLAR is absolutely unique, being a sixpenny collar faced with linen, whereas other collars of the same price are made entirely of cotton. The Castle Collar has therefore a fine look of quality with it, and even after being laundered, still retains that beautiful white and smart appearance that is invaluable to the well-dressed man.

The tone of a collar is greatly improved by this linen face, for a beautiful clean whiteness and absence of a yellow tinge are obtained, together with a good linen look.

Buy Castle Collars and notice the difference.

The collars shown here (drawn from the actual article) are:—

CASTLE D40, a smart double collar with square ends for town or ordinary wear. Good spring, to allow the tie to move freely. Depths $1\frac{1}{4}$ and 2 in. More dressy and important looking than round points.

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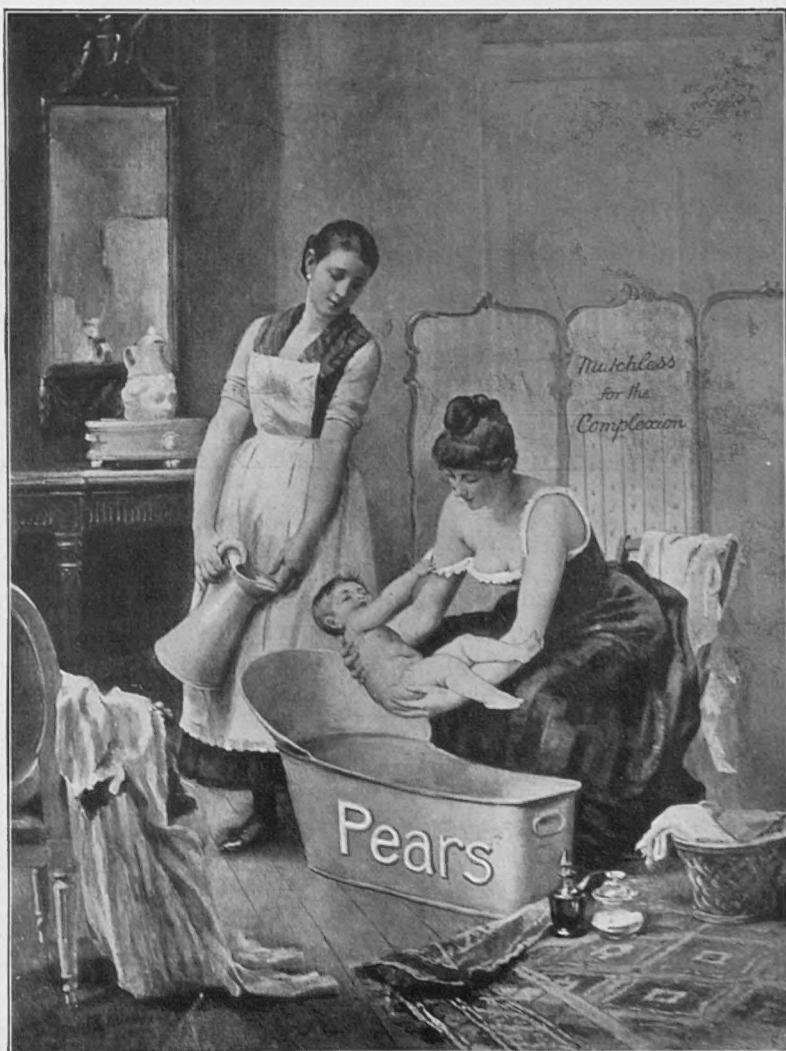
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"UNCLE VANYA," presented by the Stage Society, is the third Tchekovian play given in London. In Russia the dramatist is regarded as a genius, partly because he is considered to express very finely national life and character, and this is why we find him difficult. For unless all the novelists and playwrights are untruthful, the Russian is very much unlike us, is both sadder and more easily gay, more given to philosophising, and curiously apt to be violent suddenly, as in "Uncle Vanya," where the name-character unexpectedly takes to shooting at another person—so unexpectedly that the audience did not at first guess whom he was trying to shoot. The piece at the beginning seems mere chaos, appears to present a collection of queer creatures brought into collision without design; yet ere the end one finds that it has a real dramatic scheme, and the people become very interesting. One of them, the unselfish Sonya, beautifully acted by Miss Gillian Scaife, was quite fascinating. I am unacquainted with any English play that really resembles the Russian piece, and perhaps we should not accept one if presented to us, even if it possessed the strength and subtlety of character-drawing exhibited by Tchekov. The performance was excellent all round, notably in the case of Mr. Guy Rathbone in the name-part; Mr. Herbert Grimwood, as a reckless, attractive, vodka-drinking doctor; Mr. H. R. Hignett, who presented a very egotistical professor; also there was some merit in the work of Miss Ernita Lascelles, who played the part of his young wife. Mr. Campbell Gullan and Miss Inez Bensusan gave clever character-sketches.

From Russia to France is a natural transition, so the next *premiere* to "Uncle Vanya" was a French entertainment at the Ambassadors, unfortunately of a very different quality. Our charming neighbours are unkind enough to look upon us as mere barbarians, prepared to admire anything from Paris, but we have grown out of this stage. A faded opérette by Offenbach which amateurs sang to death years ago, a mitigated Grand Guignol play, "Attaque Nocturne," two scraps in which Mme. Jeanne Granier acted with fascinating broad humour, whilst Mme. Marie Laure played very cleverly; and a revue, "Plantons les Capucines"—that formed the programme. The revue showed an interesting change in English manners. The Americans, it is said, when they do not like a piece, instead of booing or hissing, "steal silently away," like the Arabs of their national poet, Longfellow; and the English audience imitated, and stole away during the last scene, but was not remarkably silent during the steal. There may have been clever things in the revue peculiarly Parisian, which I did not understand; the rest exhibited

but a trifling wit, and such a matter as a lengthy burlesque of Miss Gaby Deslys was obviously *vieux jeu* to us. The dancing was indifferent, the singing not remarkable, the orchestra poor, and the costumes unbeautiful and of little interest to the inferior sex.

From France to Germany was the next step, since the following *premiere* was "The Blue Mouse," a very Teutonic farce. The *Times* said that it was interesting to the archaeologists. Perhaps to the rest of us it was curiously old-fashioned. There ought to be a close season for the elderly married man with a plain wife who runs after every pretty woman from the worst of motives and gets into scrapes. He has been over-worked on the stage, and even such a clever man as Mr. Eric Lewis could not give a novel touch to him; whilst the young man who passes off as his wife a woman to whom he is not married has appeared too often on the boards; and after saying this I am well aware that some clever, witty fellow will use these characters again skilfully enough to make even the jaded laugh. But, alas! the authors and adapter of "The Blue Mouse" merely showed that they were quite threadbare. And so the characters rushed in and out and out and in, and banged doors, and pulled curtains to and fro, and told lies, and put on disguises, and uttered soliloquies, and kept promising to double the wages of the complacent parlour-maid, and laughed almost incessantly; but "The Blue Mouse" dragged, and failed to revive the past glories of the Criterion as the home of naughty farce.

On the transfer of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" to the Prince of Wales's, where it seems to be running quite merrily, a new one-act play was given called "A Valuable Rival," by Mr. Neil F. Grant, which has a substantial degree of merit, for it tells effectively, with a sense of character, concerning the competition between two newspaper proprietors. It was acted quite cleverly by Mr. J. B. Gordon and Miss Dorothy MacMillan.

The Horniman Company at the Coronet last week were engaged upon a sketch by Mr. Harold Brighouse of the sort of man a popular orator may be if he is not careful. Mr. Brighouse has a very attractive way of drawing the Lancashire people he knows, and it is obvious that he knows them well. There are undeniable faults about his play as a play. He draws most admirably a young, self-confident artisan with a gift for talking; and then he lets himself go wrong by taking the conventional line of letting his hero fall before the first woman of the hated capitalist class whom he meets. It is true that there is no pretence of sincerity about his Garside. The fellow is frankly out for his own advancement, and it would be unfair to say that he is an impossible character; yet a little care would have made the incidents of his meteoric career and fall more plausible. Still, it is a distinctly interesting play, and most admirably acted.

[Continued overleaf.]

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